



serving up a slice of reality pie

DUHHH

ISSUE 5

Old Punks NEVeR Die

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JUST STAND AT the BACK

STEALWORKS

THE GRAPHIC DETAILS OF JOHN YATES

STEALWORKS is a loose collection of
work created to date by self-described
"visual media mechanic, image manipula-
tor and graphic surgeon" John Yates.

His work, a mixture of bold visuals,
minimalist to the point social commentary,
and disturbing realism, involves the ma-
nipulation and reinterpretation of a cul-
ture-out-of-control's media imagery.

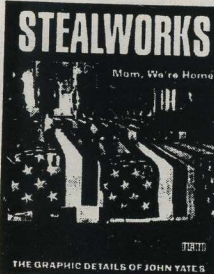
For the last 5 years he has acted as
self-editor and publisher of the magazine
Punchline, an ongoing series of
sociopolitical graphic publications. The core
of this book comprises the visual assaults
he has created for *Punchline*.

His work has appeared in several
other self-produced printed projects, vari-
ous small press publications, on t-shirts,
and numerous record covers and other
music related material. The collection is
culled from all of his previously published
work, as well as selective new and unpub-
lished material.

John Yates is a graphic artist and
the visual mechanic for the independent
record label *Alternative Tentacles Records*.
He is currently working...

"John could make millions design-
ing commercial magazine ads but instead
aims his skills at unmaking and destroy-
ing those very mechanisms used to keep
society obedient and asleep."

Jello Biafra, from his Introduction



THE GRAPHIC DETAILS OF JOHN YATES



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KEEPING THE GOOD TIMES A' ROLLING

DUHHH

Bri Manfat said to me one day, "There's no humour
anymore", and by jeezuz, he's probably right. BUT
...then you only have to open your front door to
be smitten by the hilarious, fucking sights that
would make you laugh your dumb, fucking head off!
Take the brave clown who scaled the fence at the
lion's enclosure at London Zoo, the other month.
I laughed my fucking cock off mate, and that bozo
was carrying the goddamn Holy Bible! Alas, no mut
ha screamed; "OHMIGOD! IT WUZ THE HOLY BIBLE!!"
in a high, hysterical fashion, should he have been
carrying 'LUCIFER'S (FUCKING) Autobiography',
now would they?....schmucks.

So there's no humour anymore? Punks don't have a
sense of fucking humour that's why, because back
in the past, blowing up the cooker after one too
many blackeyed bean pies were toasted, was the hi-
ghlight of our 'correct' commune. Back then, when
the word; 'CUNT' was a near hanging offence if
used but the once, and being found with a RAPEMAN
disc' in your collection was tantamount to perfor-
ming oral sex with next doors kids.

Oh aye, us punks did a lot of hollering, and moan-
ing, and drinking, and perhaps "love making" with
our fucking 'right on' vegan partners, but to talk
about a specific beauty you spied whilst out n
about, a sighting that was held long enough for
mental pictures to be memorized for later, late
night sessions, and you were OUT! Like a kid in
the classroom continually whispering whilst teach
is talking; "OUT THA FUCKIN' DOOR, GO AND REPORT
TO THE MORALLY STABLE, CORRECT PUNK COPS!"

And now punks have porn', and they tie up their
partners with leather straps, and go see not very
'right on' or punk rock bands, they'll have a
spot of cheese now and again, and they're sick of
fucking demonstrations, and the hunt sabbing
righteous bastards, because some of them want a
fucking good time for a change, and some of them
want to rediscover a life they've been missing,
or they want to go down the pub, or not to do any
thing at all really.

Sometimes they just want to laugh.

Well, the punks I know do anyway. But maybe we've
just immersed ourselves, our puny punk entities
into the big cog, and figured that we're no bet-
ter than any other self righteous mofo who can re-
iterate the workings of a classless horde of
denizens, with all their stupid, dumb talk, talk,
talk, rhetorical dogmatic, pragmatic, supermatic
spouter of utopia, and creator of naught but high
expectations, and token idealism, living on that
"I can change the world" trip, because we'd rather
enjoy the fruits of what's left of our belittling
existence, and if there's a problem, well
just fucking shoot 'em!

Keep your fucking giro days you fucking "I'm gonn
a twiddle my hair til I've got dreads", keep your
free beer for the unemployed, and nice safe house
to go back to when I'm tired of the revolution

board game. Keep your happy wholefood, 'loadsa
fucking money in a nice bright jumper' shopper,
Dworkin dribbles, peace, love, and lahdz fucking
dah, because, be rest assured the 'right on'
bretheren will be burying your name in the mud,
and trying to kop off with your 16 yr old sister
cuz she uttered a line from the 2nd Chumbawamba
CD, should they have been given the opportunity.

Bri Manfat said there was no humour anymore, may-
be that's because the 'right on' punks took it
away, and clubbed it to death as if it had been
an opinion they didn't agree with.
Ha, ha, ha.....now fuck off!

DUHHH *5/SHAG STAMP *4 - because Jane is cool, and
d so am I, and because she once lived in Soverby
Bridge which is like, 3 miles up the road from
Ripponden where I once 'existed'. Sometimes, the
world is a very, very small place.

DUHHH *5/SHAG STAMP *4 - because it's punk rock
co-operation, and a lot more coherent and clever-
er to holler your shit at other folk who might
not buy it otherwise, and because we're "miserab-
le bastards" according to one local scenester.

DUHHH *6 will come at ya around the resurrection
period of 1995, and included within those pages
will be volatile incisions into the underbellies
of VOORHEES, STALINGRAD and NERVES because they'
re frightfully fragrant, and it's band time again
Thoughts of BUGEYED were hankered, but they're
getting enough press as it is, and GROTUS, but
they've signed to a major (BOO HISS) label, appar-
ently to buy new dungerees!

Also to be contained, the further guide to art,
with an essay on the Russian Constructivist des-
igner and typographer, EL LISSITZKY, life from in-
side detox, and homeless stations, more mundane
reviews, a Top 10 things I've never done, nothing
on guns and/or conspiracies because I'm too scared,
some other schlock of course, and *6 will be
"THE MEANING OF LIFE" issue, so if you've got any
thing to say on that matter, you send it in, I
print it, people read it, (life goes on.....).

Thoughts, contemplations, true life stories that
may have made life mean something. It's a cookie,
it's an open forum, but less of the sex please,
unless it's about strippers.

A life's supply of cheap liquor, used 'leccy tok-
ens, pictures of Bri Blister (nee; Manfat), and
a copy of Russ G's favourite jazz mag will be sent
to the fucker who can work that one out.
Deadline: yeah right, March or April.

Do It Yourself - masturbate!

ANTHONY P.
November '94
On behalf of....

the dumb
duhhh gang

Iain H, Jeremy Herron, Mr
C, Anthony P, Andy Shocker
Ms Linda, The Prisoner,
J.A. White, Randall Tin
Ear, Michael J. Voorhees,
Martin, Russ G. Warrior.

Some copies of DUHHH *4 still available: 50p &
SAE or £2ppd, obviously similar to this, but more
flash cuz it was typeset, address below right.

REVIEW items are handled by an expert who muses
over it's existence, sinks a few bottles of cheap,
Hungarian aftershave, and comes 'round the next mo-
rning to decipher the drunken ramblings of the
night before. You send your thing in for review,
and you recieve a copy of that issue (of which con-
tains your review) in return. Cheers to those who
sent stuff in, and not so cheers for the stuff I
didn't like!

ALL WORDS & OPINIONS expressed belong to the res-
pective individual, and do not pertain to a col-
lective ethos. ALL WORDS, graphics, typo's, fuck-up
s and bad moods, courtesy of ANTHONY P. unless
otherwise stated. APOLOGIES for the lack of super
snazz looking Desk Top Publishing this time, the
machine wuz abducted by a nervous looking gentle-
man, who called himself Bernie (the bastard).

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MS. LINDA

A Guide to Vibrators and Dildo's for the Discerning
Lady about town.

Written by: The black stockined Ms.Linda, the woman
who really knows!

I was actually quite shocked when the Editor asked
me to write this piece, after all, becoming a journa-
listic features writer is a bit of a far cry from my
usual profession, as a high class hooker. However,
as with all my clients, both past and present, I
always aim to please, and because vibrators and dild-
o's are often items which I use as part of my trade.
So here is my guide for the discerning Lady about
town. All the products which I mention can be bought
quite discreetly from any Ann Summers catalogues, or
through various mailorder magazines. Alternately,
for those brave enough, they can be purchased from
your local Sex Shop.

Vibrators and dildo's can be quite a useful piece of
equipment for the sensual woman of the 90's, to have
in her arsenal of equipment for attracting a man. I
personally know very few men who are not turned on
by the thought of using a vibrator or dildo with the
ir wife or girlfriend. Many men also get turned on
by the thought of a woman giving herself pleasure
through using a vibrator or dildo. For single women
who have been without a sexual partner for some time
a vibrator or dildo is also an excellent means of
heightening pleasure during masturbation, and for
those involved in Lesbian or Gay relationships, the
strap-on vibrator or dildo can also, often be an in-
valuable tool.

Vibrators and dildo's serve a purpose, and serve it
well as far as I'm concerned. However, they do not,
and cannot ever take the place of a loving relation-
ship. Although, they can, and often do, heighten the
pleasures recieved, whilst in one. They should never
be seen, therefore, as a substitute for the real
thing, but as many women will already know, a good
lover is sometimes difficult to find (especially if
they've been on the beer all night).

Vibrators and dildo's are funny things, for one, the
y are really just pieces of latex plastic, and they
all have strange names, such as: 'Jelly Ram', and
'Gold Peel', they also, all come in differing leng-
ths and widths, have varying speeds, and vibrating
actions. Some of the more sophisticated types also
come complete with remote control for total ease of
use. They can also be quite expensive to buy, and so
for those who are cost conscious, they can be quite
a luxury. A 'King Mammoth' which is a massive 12 inc
hes of pulsing, pleasure pleaser (if you can manage
to fit it inside without feeling like you're being
split in two), will set you back a cool £20. An Anal
Prober, for those who enjoy have various items shove
d up their bottoms, comes complete with a unique
shape for exquisite sensations, but will still set you
back £8.

MS. LINDA

For those who feel that a finger and thumb is just enough to give yourself a treat, the price is £9, however, for that, you get a round and round stimulating vibro action.

Mistress' like myself however, have their own personal favourites, because after all, I spend a lot of time wearing the fucking things which we are discussing, and so in order, for you the reader to completely get into the spirit of things, I have compiled a list of my own favourites, which also includes information on sensation and costs.

1. 'Joni's Butterfly': this is my absolute favourite. It has vibrating actions for all 3 holes, and can be operated by remote control. It also has a clitt suction clamp. The vibrators can be used singly, or all 3 can be operated at once. This is the ideal vibrator for the man who likes to completely dominate, as it can be strapped on and left in all day. Also, the remote control means that you never know when it's going to be turned off or on. This will set you back a cool £30.

2. 'Heathers Heart': this is actually shaped like a heart and the vibro sits on top of it. This has a clitoris stimulator and nipple like attachments on the body, and will set you back £13.95.

3. 'Ladyfinger': this is so small it will fit into any orifice, and you could wear it to the office all day without anybody realising. At a small £4, it isn't very big, but will only cost about £4.

4. 'Finger & Thumb': as mentioned before, a finger and thumb is often just enough to give yourself a treat, and this one vibrates around, and around, although it's not quite the same as being finger fucked! The price is £9.

5. 'Big Brother': at 10 inches long, this will show you what's what, and only costs £7.50.

6. 'Bully Boy': this will make you feel everything, and is very lifelike, so no faking here please. It costs £14.95.

7. 'Anal Prober': it's nothing like having the real thing shoved up your bum, but when there's nothing else to use except a carrot, it serves its purpose. Cost is £8.

8. 'Black Rambo': what can I say. It's black, and quite honestly looks like the dick of a black stallion. Costs £11.95.

9. 'King Mammoth': as mentioned earlier, this is 12 inches long, and you need to be very wide to be able to accommodate this. £19.95.

10. 'Mr Slim': so slim he'll fit anywhere, is tapered, and is very good value at only £3.75.

Vibrators however should be treated with respect, they are often a real help to people who have problems in sexual relationships. Lesbians often find that at there is nothing like a good old fashioned strap on, so you can just fuck and fuck! I personally know that if I didn't have my professional 'Tools of the Trade', (as I call them), I would be out of business real quick, and would have to go out and get a real job. They should not be treated as a joke.



"OURS IS THE AGE OF PRINTED INSTRUCTION"

STICKY SHEETS?

Wet dreams / nocturnal emissions

are one of the 'unexplored' and 'under researched' areas of sexuality. I need men and women to send details of their wet dreams for a forthcoming publication.

Details I desire are: your sex, age, sexuality, frequency and content of your dreams, and how often you have sex.

Send your emissions to:
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ADVERTISEMENT

DIRTY OLD MEN

'Losing it' big style is no fucking problem if you're well equipped to deal with the dangers that are prone to follow, yet 'losing it' big style straight outta realityland is no fucking joke whatsoever, should the recipient of such troubled times be unaware of those unknowing moments to come.

Realityland is a joke, no - a farcé! A person holding open your mouth, and pissing directly into the orifice with a severe case of Treponema ain't a joke, yet both go hand in hand, and both will cause similar, if not identical discomfort.

Realityland is a bastard manifestation where the orders are written in stone, blood, and stale genital sweat for you fucking clowns to suck, swallow, and follow. If it ain't down on computer, your predetermined destination in life will be sucked up, and spat out in some other venerable vehicle for you to board.

Realityland is a windswept climate of misery, governed by suits who suck dry cunt and swallow the septic seed of your loins. The suits come in all shapes, sizes, forms and fuck-ups, they're your worst living nightmare, a monster manifestation that grinds and pulps. They break souls and treat the victims with scant regard of personal freedom. Realityland lackeys are here to screw your life. Realityland lackeys come in unannounced, and put forward plans that they say are the best motives for you to follow/swallow.

Realityland lackeys say: consume, stay passive, say conform, say their right denounces your wrong, and that Realityland must, and will be upheld.

The 20th Century can suck my fuck basically. The 20th Century with its populations, pollutions, consumer products, freak controlled advertising, high powered anal fucking, moulded stereotypes, friendships based on nowt, punk rock moralism, orders; 'don't do this, don't listen to that', stay asleep, and more bastards who suck life, like leeches are outa style. Piss on your life!

The more dead, the more established our cause. The Realityland lackeys are dirty old men who prey on the vulnerable, and those unable to deal with the pressures they've initiated. Fuck 'em - shoot to kill.

NB: I'm having, nor accepting no shit whatsoever from anyone who refuses to distinguish what life actually "is", and what life should actually "be", and that our so called 'negativity' is a front for supposed bad tidings. Live in your optimism by all means, but don't give me your grief when the pus begins to ooze freely, and infects your oh so noble cause.

Dedicated to the un-freed victims of severe fuckin' mind control; and social pressures (stay strong!).

Was interviewed in late August, 1994 by Anthony P. with assistance from Mr C. (BUNKER zine), and ANNJ (FOR WANT OF shitworker), and as the evening progressed, our good ol' buddy, 'Bob Hope' made an appearance, which probably explains the yo-yo nature of the discussion, between serious tom foolery japes, and heavy mindblowing liason.

To check out the latest issue of "CHARRED REMAINS" zine, contact Russ at the address at the end of this interview. The latest issue being the "Sex Survey" special, amongst other things. No price known at time of typing, but I guess you can try 50p & SAE/\$2, and that should cover it. Russ is also in the process of setting up a UK outlet for the "Framework" record label, so enquire!

As this discussion spanned virtually 2 full sides of a d90 cassette, it has been edited for obvious reasons, and for reading purposes, split into categories. We join the conversation at a rather pertinent juncture....

SMUTTY D.I.Y. ETHICS

ANNJ: Why are you such a filthy, dirty pervert?

RUSS: Because it's natural, I've got that sexual appetite, I'm 21, and I'm male!

ANTHONY: And what's all this about a porn distribution network?

RUSS: The one with Anne?

ANTHONY: Yeah.

RUSS: Nah, that's Anne's venture, she's got the catalogues.

ANTHONY: But what is she wanting to do?

RUSS: Basically, she's just wanting to copy hardcore Dutch porn' for folk, and to make a killing out of it, because there's a market there.

ANTHONY: Has she got any ethics about selling it to people under the age of 18?

RUSS: Oh yeah, she'll only sell it when she's pissed.

ANNJ: That's alright then.

RUSS: (laughing) Nah, obviously, and she ain't gonna carry it through either, it's probably just drunken talk, because she hasn't sold one yet, and this is after going up to blokes in clubs, and asking if they want it?

MR C: Why don't I meet women like this?

ANTHONY: What would you do if you did?

ANNJ: He'd probably run off!

RUSS: What they've done actually is; if they're in a big group they'll all just deny that they want anything to do with sex altogether, if their girlfriends are there, but as soon as you get them by themselves, they're enquiring further (laughing).

MR C: It depends if it was serious.

ANNJ: You'd still run off.

(At which point it has to be made clear to Mr C that she's not selling sex, just the merchandise)

RUSS: Hang on, she's not actually selling that at y'know!

ANTHONY: That could be an added bonus?

RUSS: I'm not gonna answer that.

ANTHONY: I thought it was a joint venture, that was the impression I got. So is it just going to be limited to distributing porn that is already made? Or are you gonna sideline it, with making your own?

RUSS: erm....I'd make them, but I wouldn't star in them.

ANTHONY: Why?

RUSS: Because I've got a reputation to uphold, a respected vegan, anarchist, hunt saboteur (laughs).

ANTHONY: Are you just trying to 'keep face'?

RUSS G.

REMAINS

RUSS: It's people's choice, if they want to go into it, that's fair enough.

ANTHONY: Would you keep it a secret from certain people, like if you knew people that weren't into pornography?

RUSS: No.

(Mr C goes into a very long spiel about porn distribution).

RUSS: Hang on (laughing), are you getting turned on by all this?! What I want to know is how the topic of me being in porn films came up, when the discussion was about a girl I've known for about 2 months, who's interested in porn films herself.

ANTHONY: Because it kinda led on that way.

A POPULAR POPULATION

ANTHONY: One thing I really wanted to ask you about, was your true life stories, particularly the one about the woman who lived in your house.

RUSS: The woman who lived in our house was an elephant!

ANNJ: WHAAATT?? (looking bewildered).

RUSS: She was daft - crackers.

MR C: Why?

RUSS: I don't know, where do you start with someone like her? The first thing is; when she moved in with us, she'd just started her 2nd year at college, and most people in their 2nd year at college have found some friends by then y'know, but she moved in with 3 3rd years, who's she's never met in her life. Then she kinda proceeds to "lodge" in our house, she doesn't clean, never offered to pay any of the bills, you had to ask her for the money, because her theory was; we'd lived there before.

She wouldn't talk to us, wouldn't see us, if she was watching the TV, she'd go straight out if one of us walked in.

MR C: We had a kid like that, who you would only see when the landlady came round for the rent, and he had all these weird mates.

RUSS: Nah, she didn't have any mates, but then she got this boyfriend, who she'd been seeing for 3 weeks, then decided to move in with him.

ANTHONY: People are just plain, fucking weird

NO VISION

ANTHONY: If everyone was blind....

RUSS: Well racism wouldn't exist, but if people were blind, other folk would just discriminate in another way, if you spoke differently, or smelt differently.

MR C: Do you think it's worse to be blind from birth, or to only have been able to see for a few years? Would you rather not know what things are?

RUSS: I'd prefer to see to start with, you'd know what 'colour' was at least. If you blind, how can you explain what colour is?
 MR C: Something that's warm.
 ANTHONY: You can feel warmth.
 MR C: But a blind person might perceive what's warm differently to how you see some colour. It'd be like explaining what television is, or what a car is, like describing cultures, or describing someone who's black. (Talk develops into a meander)
 MR C: But maybe it's sometimes better not to know what the fuck things are.

MIND CONTROL YOU LIKE

ANTHONY: Ummm...too much information is just too damn scary.
 MR C: The more things you know, the more knowledge you've got, the more frightening it is.
 ANTHONY: So why haven't you read "Catcher In The Rye"?
 MR C: Because I'm too frightened to read it! ANNJ: I've read it, and nothing's happened.
 MR C: Maybe people react in different ways when they're reading it, because they reckon it has been used as a method of mind control people who have had hypnotic thoughts implanted into their subconscious, and when they read the book, it triggers them off, and they go out, and "do things", like John Hincley was programmed by the "Catcher In The Rye" to go and assassinate Reagan, and Mark Chapman was programmed through "Catcher In The Rye" the same way as the "White" LP by The Beatles carried subliminal messages which caused the Manson family to go out and do what they did. People also reckon the Manson family was set up by the CIA.
 RUSS: To kill the '60's.
 MR C: Yeah, to discourage folk getting into the hippy thing.
 RUSS: All the kinda drug stuff, kinda crossed, because it started out as a nice, sharing and caring family, and then it all started going into heroin.
 MR C: To make it look, that if you took drugs, you were going to go out and kill people.
 RUSS: Happened after all the student riots, and all that.
 (Anthony P. explains to those not in the know, what the actual story in the book is all about).
 RUSS: So who was meant to have planted these messages, the author?
 MR C: The author, J.D. Salinger, during the war, worked for Counter Intelligence, along with Henry Kissinger, or was it Nixon? Anyway, they were trying out these subliminal hypnotic implants on people, so maybe they came up with the idea of writing 'a book' for it to be put to that use, like mind control?

"CHARRED
 REMAINS"
 FANZINE



Liberating
 Literary
 Technology
 for the
 20th
 Century
 Urban
 Punks

ANTHONY: But the people who read it, had to be pre-programmed surely?
 MR C: They say, Mark Chapman was on CIA payroll as an undercover agent kept on ice. Same theory with Lee Harvey Oswald, he was killed in Korea, and a CIA agent substituted as his double, to live the rest of his life. (Big talk about conspiracies, then the tape ran out).
 MR C: Think about the shit that they are hiding!
 RUSS: They've got to keep some things....
 ANTHONY: It's not as though they're going to admit to what they're doing.
 MR C: Do you think the Mason's run this country?
 RUSS: Probably, like in America, the Mafia runs that country because they have the monopoly on the publishers and printers, most of the clothing industries, and apparently they could trash the whole economy real easy.

HIGH...

ON LIFE

ARCHITECTURE

ANTHONY: Why aren't more people into architecture? Like, you've done architecture....
 RUSS: Do you mean architecture in general, or as something to study? Do you mean why don't they go and appreciate fine buildings?
 ANTHONY: Do you think more people appreciate art than they do architecture?
 RUSS: No, I think more people appreciate architecture without realising it, like if you're in the centre of a city, you can judge straight away whether it's ok, or shitty by the surroundings, which are, in effect, architecture.
 ANTHONY: Is it taken for granted then?
 RUSS: Unless it's something out of the ordinary, or unless you throw a shitload of glass over it. It's so easy just to design a shitty building, and the difference to the public between a shitty building, and a good one... they wouldn't know, not by just looking at it.
 MR C: Does that entice people to go into certain shops, by the way they're structured?
 RUSS: Do you know, there's been 5 famous architects in history killed by trams (laughs), because they were walking along, looking up all the time. It's a fact is that! Because the best bits of buildings are always at the middle or top.
 ANTHONY: Can you look at a building, and date it, say within 10 years?
 RUSS: You can with 20th Century ones, but once you get beyond that, the difference....
 ANNJ: What's your favourite type of architecture?
 RUSS: Non hierarchal architecture. Like it's accepted that the boss has an office at the top, and the best office in the building, but it should be opening buildings onto say, a more communal level, where everyone's equal, and they all work together.

It's been proven, that the non hierarchal factories have a much higher output because they're not begrudging the boss whilst they're down in the basements working on shitty machines, whereas, if the whole hierarchy of the business is in one place, same level, and eating in the same place....
 MR C: Like trying to make the boss one of the workers?
 ANTHONY: Are more buildings being built non hierarchal?
 RUSS: Nah, people....who makes the decisions on buying a building- rich people! Workers don't get a choice, they just get shovelled into the shit end, the only times these buildings are going up, is when the architects stipulates it when it's being designed. The only people who are in a position to design them, are the really big architects....

because they're the ones that get, pretty much free reign...
 There's an Italian architect, Carlos (Spelling? ED), who's just designed these Law Courts, and he's quite an orthodox anarchist and in the Architects Journal, they asked him about his socialist politics, and he just basically took their heads off, telling them not to call him a socialist, because he didn't want to be linked in with all that, saying: "I'm trying to be an anarchist as far as I can go". But the big question is; how can he be an anarchist if he's just designed these Law Courts, his claim was that; "in order to counter act a corrupt justice system, then you change the house that the system is run in", to see if it changes the justice in any way.

THE LIBERATION OF THE BODY

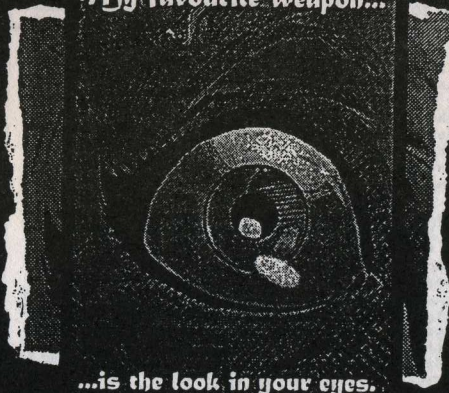
RUSS: My mind's just been this never ending quest, like it started off with heavy metal, and then, what's the next direction?; thrash metal, death metal, then noise stuff, and noisy, anarcho' punk, that sort of stuff, and then the more tuneful punk, and nowadays, it's just going off in all sorts of directions; Hip Hop, 'Piano' music, it's the search for something different all the time.
 ANTHONY: But ever since I've known you (which is about 3-4 years), from the crusty, political punk, to the fucking emo-pop!
 RUSS: Music wise?
 ANTHONY: Yeah.
 MR C: Do you think, what we saying earlier about pornography, that your attitude has changed towards that?
 RUSS: I don't think so.
 MR C: You've always held those opinions?
 ANTHONY: Even though, how you've been 'moulded', and reading up on subjects, surely you would have come across anti sexist propaganda, so that didn't influence you in any way?
 RUSS: Obviously a lot of it is, but I think it's a lot more deep down, deep rooted than that. If people would just loosen up about their bodies, you wouldn't have that problem to start with. I think there's a lot more underlying, major factors that influence sexism, which is everything you're bombarded with everyday, adverts, books, films, people you see on tv.
 MR C: That's wierd though, because I wouldn't have had porn books or watched porn films 7 years ago or something, because it was really unsound.
 RUSS: I've always been under the persuasion that it's their body, and it's their right to show it. For one woman to say to another woman: "You cannot show your body", is like; "Why not?", y'know "What right have you got?"
 ANTHONY: Do you think it's an English thing?
 RUSS: Yeah, most definately.

MR C: It's like you're embarrassed about your own body.
 RUSS: If you go down the South Of France on the beaches, you'll get a crowd of blokes who'll strip off down to their trunks, and a crowd of lasses will come along, and will strip off down to their bikini bottoms. The French blokes don't bat an eyelid, so in that sense, the women have liberated their tits, they've changed their tits from being something that like, worked against them in a way, because they were judged by them, to just being another part of the body.

BALANCE

ANTHONY: Do you reckon there are organisations around the world that just sit in buildings, thinking up political agenda's, to keep things in control?
 MR C: I wouldn't be suprised.
 RUSS: Everything in society has it's balance one side going for it, the other side going against it. Like, look at abortion, anything pharmaceutical companies, anything like that you've always got those who are for, or against it. If you're saying that there's a load of people sitting around all day, deciding on something that they're gonna hate next, another group of people in the next office will be deciding what they're going to campaign for.
 ANTHONY: I think we're gonna have to finish it there.
 Ok, so we never talked about the zine very much, but who cares, although I did ask Russ the most cliched question every known to mankind, but he declined to say what his favourite bands were.
 There's the address, down there. Send a nice letter, and some cash for the latest issue. (By the way, Annj crashed out about halfway through due to too much smoke, so that explains her absence towards the latter half of the interview).

My favourite weapon...



...is the look in your eyes.

RUSS G. REMAINS
 PO BOX 43/HULL
 HU1 1AA/ENGLAND

"Howay!", said Bri Manfat, "I'm sick of all this negative shit, it's bringin' me down, drownin' in the puke of nihilism and all that, let's do something a bit more positive".

Bri Manfat wuz stoned, but he wuz right, the Negative Kids had been swimming in the sea of apathy for too, damn long, they needed to re-art their punk rock motors. Mr C wafted away the smokey haze, and asked who was gonna go to the chippy, he was more concerned with feeding his stomach, rather than dicing danger of an idealistic kind. He'd had it with punk rock rebellion.

"Got it!" hollered an enthusiastic Anthony P., and staggered over to the cupboard, "I've seen just the thing, somewhere in one of the many multitude of fuckin' zines I keep getting sent, some article on a shit kicking place called 'Punkland'".

Soon enough, the room was a swarm with punk rock fanzines being tossed in all directions, as Anthony P. searched frantically for the specific mag that he figured could change their lives (or, for awhile at least).

"Here we go", he cried in a jubilant manner and tossed the scruffy, xeroxed publication at Bri, "Somewhere near the middle pages".

Bri scrambled through the rhetorical articles,

Mr C. and Anthony P. had said that their prize collections of Anarcho' Punk Rock (1979-1985) were too valuable to let go, so Bri had been hooded (albeit, with a shit load of gentle persuasion, and bullying) to offload his. He got a good price for the DRI: '22 Songs' 7", and his mint copy of GISM's: 'Detestation' 12" had secured airfare for at least one of the crew.

The day of departure had been set for Sunday morning, after Mr C. had explained that he wasn't missing a night down the boozier for anything. He was looking forward to going, but didn't let on too much about it. Punk Rock had messed with his head real bad in the past, and he didn't want to go through all that again. He'd dropped out of 'the scene' a few years back, any connection still with it, was on a very meagre level.

But...he was curious....

10am, Sunday morning, and it's pissing with rain of course. Our heroes board the 10.30 flight to Los Angeles, where they are to catch a connecting service to 'Freebeer', the capital of Punkland.

Bri Manfat's on a roll no sooner had the aircraft taken to the skies, when the Hostess With The Mostess gives him the eye. Mr C. grumbles about his sex life, or the lack of it, whilst Anthony P. pulls faces and tells the 2 American kids sat on the adjacent seats to shut the fuck up, or he

previous flight, about the aircraft personnel being ex-Japanese Kamikaze pilots was very, fucking funny at all, and that he should shut up!

Anthony P. had told him to shut the fuck up, in return and got a slap for his troubles.

Bri Manfat said he'd had a great time, beaming from ear to ear, and everyone sussed out straight away, how that had come about.

Customs are a doddle, because there aren't any, instead the Negation Kids are loaded up, 'Crack-erjack' style with all sorts of hardcore prezzies from the Freebeer dignitaries, who are there to greet everybody. And with a warm how d'ya do, ushered through the terminal, and informed that transport is awaiting, and they'll be whisked off to the high class commune of their choice.

Once located, they soon discover that their room's got a full collection of ICEBURN CD's, a well stocked fridge, a classy set of Japanese sleaze vid's, only 2 beds, but an en-suite bathroom, and a veranda overlooking 'Sneddy Square'. A week's board with brekkie will set them back naught, because it's Punkland, and cash means zilch!

3 days in, and the fun is just non stop. Bri took to the beach and never came back, because the palm trees were inter mixed with ganja, and were open to legitimate consumption (though the pollution was a real problem). He met up with a group of Swedish punks who had trouble adjusting to the climate, and were more than miffed when the Punkland ocean seeped into their collection of DISCHARGE cassettes. It wasn't helped when all the bars ran out of vodka either.

Mr C. got on famously with Sian who initiated him more than once with the gentle art of how to lie back, and relax, not to mention helping him to remember all the lyrics to the first SUBHUMAN S lp, which he took to singing loudly on more than one, drunken occasion.

'Sneddy Square' is a myriad of activity, - punks everywhere, laughing n' joking, swapping stories from their homelands, trading tips, exchanging addresses, no chew, no hassle, and no gusts of wind either, except when a few of the militant, big floppy pants brigade came storming through, hot on the trail of a big, fat fib someone had started, about a MINOR THREAT reunion show



THE NEGATIVE KIDS

GO TO PUNKLAND

and occasional band interview until the heading hit him smack between the eyes, the commotion was enough for even Mr C to take notice, as he dropped his token and shouted many an expletive in return, whilst attempting to prize open his catatonic eyelids.

"COME TO PUNKLAND- FOR PUNKERS WHO LIKE TO EXPER

IENCE UTOPIA!" read the banner.

"Pass us yer smokes, cockers, and let's get this shit on the road", said an excitable Anthony P., "I thought it wuz too good to be true when I first read it, that's why I never said anything. Anyway, we ain't got any cash, so how the fuck are we gonna get there?"

Bri was sat, bolt up like by now, and fully immersed in the double spread, his gaze intently scanning the words and pictures.

"Sez here, you've gotta be a fuckin' vegan! That puts us two out for a start Cockers, har, har".

"Bollocks to that, I need my pizza's man. D'ya reckon they'd let us in if we said otherwise?"

"Just lie then", whispered Anth', and ribbed his buddy for not having the conviction to eradicate all animal products from his dietary habits.

"No cheese for a week, har, har!"

So, the Negative Kids took up the slack and figured out ways off getting themselves to the self-styled, and explained Utopian island; a fair few hundred miles off the west coast of America, smack, bang in the middle of the Pacific, an island drenched in sunshine, an easy going attitude, plenty of fun, and fuck shit up, and where everyone was your buddy.

With nearly 7000 miles of travelling to combat, and only a few quid left between them, they decided a miracle would be needed for this journey to be made.

3 days later, Bri Manfat has sold 1/3 of his entire record collection, and was moaning like fuck because of it.



'I'll tell the pilot to crash. They immediately do, shut the fuck up!

2am, Monday morning, a knackered, Pre-WWII Boeing touches down at Freebeer. The plane is virtually chocca, full of drop outs, and the two bands NOFX and RANCID, who are on a whistle stop World Tour, and are off to Punkland to shoot video's for their next respective releases.

Mr C. is a hit with the NOFX boys, telling them tales about going to see BLITZ, and THE PARTISAN S in 1982. Fat Mike is lapping it up. RANCID spend too much time in the bathrooms, trying to apply as much soap onto their mohicans as possible, eventually returning to their seats, and informing all and sundry, that the next time they visit England, they'll be doing Wembley Arena!

Anthony P. on the other hand has a black eye, gained from one irate American parent on the

"Howay", shouts Mr C. He's taken to the hospital ity real fast, as he jumps headfirst into the multicoloured limo, stretched outside.

"Sorry guv!", says a voice from the driving seat "This is for NOFX and the RANCID boys. You'll have to go in the bus with the rest of the lesser knowns".

Bri and Anth' roll about in a hysterical fashion whilst Mr C. exits the luxurious limo, shame faced, embarrassed, and now, not so tripping on excitement at all.

"So which commune do we wanna go for?" enquires Bri to the others,

"The brochure offers 4: 'The Captain Big Pants Plaza', 'The Anarchochester', 'The Riot Grrrl Regal', or the plain'n'simple 'Punk!'"

"Gotta be the last one then", offers a highly intelligent Anthony P.

"The others sound right mundane, and I ain't com a all this way to wallow in politics".

The 'Punk' bus once found is swarming with highly colourful characters, and hats off to the driver who passed out the smokes straight away.

10 minutes later, the kids are standing outside a crumbling facade of what once, probably was a snazzy looking establishment. It's chaos time for sure, as the scrambling for fun, hi-jinks, and rooms begin. A girl with tri-coloured dreadlocks swaggers over, and says 'The Riot Grrrl Regal' was full of southern, art students with severe shoulder chips, who kept everyone awake all night with bad renditions of HUGGY BEAR outtakes.

"So I left it to 'em, and came here instead to see if I could score some action", she says, winking at a quivering Mr C.

"So d'ya wanna check in, and hit town or what? By the way, my name's Sian, I don't take shit, cuz I can give plenty in return, but that doesn't mean I don't know how to have a load of fuckin' fun! C'mon...."

It's an instant 'click', and with it, the 4 kids go off in search of their places to crash.

"What's up Cockers?", asked a bewildered Anthony P. "Ya looking like yer old self again".

"I dunno, but something ain't right, it's like - how much fun can you have?"

"Yeah, I know what ya mean. I ain't been fucked off since we got here, and the laid back, positivity is killing me. Soon as we got here, they gave us free shit all round, all this sunshine, all these smiley faces, no hassles, there's no shit from anyone, fuck...even the abstinence kids are a good crack, but I think I'm fuckin' crack king up!"

"Yeah...", pondered a listless Mr C.

"What happened to Sian, anyway?"

"She left yesterday to go back to New York, said she missed the reality, and her therapist. Shit, I can't even find a decent gunsmiths either, cuz there's no fuckin' reason for any in this place

Bri's said he's staying too by the way, he can't be arsed....he's got the right idea I guess..."

"C'mon Cockers, let's book out. I've got a new issue of the zine to put out, and I can't get any inspiration from this place, plus I heard there was a big rite over at 'The Anarchochester', sommat to do with an in hotel argument about the rights of prisoners, and direct action, so if they're losing it there, what's the fuckin' point?"

So Mr C. and Anthony P. packed up their gear and said farewells to all their new buddies they'd made, their faces aching from all the constant grinning and over indulgence, boarded the plane home, and pondered over what their return would hold. They agreed that a week in Punkland was cool, but any longer, and the idealistic realism of the place would just, smart too much.

They left Bri Manfat, by then in total karmic state with his GROTUS tapes, an abundance of hi-enjoyment cocktails, and enough Bob to see him right for the rest of his days.

A kid in total, black clothing had handed him a flyer earlier that afternoon, and Bri finally decided to read it: "Come To Nihilistland- For Punks who like a bad time!"

"Sounds like England" he mused, and took another sip of his drink.

The fuckin' end (or to be continued?)

MUSIC

APOLOGIES TO THOSE
THAT ARE OUT OF DATE
AS THEY ARRIVED JUST
AFTER DUHHH *4 MADE PUBLICATION

BLISTER

Committed For Life. TAPE.
7 tracks, full colour sleeve, and a lyric sheet. Musically we have a skintight finish of power kind of metal, with varying degrees of hardcore hrmp. I gotta admit, that although this ain't my beam, a couple of the tunes got my toes a tappin' whilst the others got up my goat. If you prefer the NWON metal that's deep pouring, with socio' texts then this I dare assume, will be your bag. This band features Bri MANFAT, make of that what you will. (£2/\$4PPD: PO BOX HP72, LEEDS, LS6 1XT, ENGLAND)

BRAIN POLICE

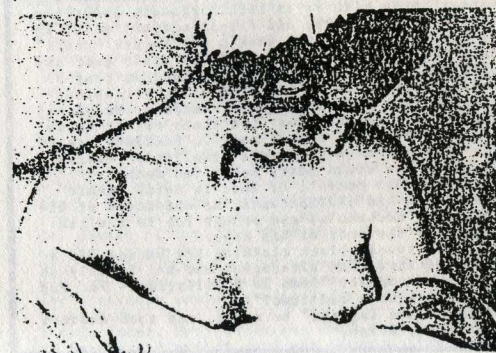
Drain. CD.
The system couldn't give a fuck about folk like us Not a piece of lyric, but it's similar. They cite influences such as HELMET and PRONG. 2 bands that fuckin' spun, and in most respects, now suck. BRAIN POLICE have the former band's kick in the face, and another kick 'round the room for good measure, with eerie and crazily screwy snippets of noise, and vocal lacerations inclusive. We don't dig total plagiarism at DUHHH HQ, so fortunately these mofos manage to distance themselves just far enough. The band is Yank, the label is Limey, the ball is in your court. Handcuffs on the cover by the way, bondage anyone? (BGR RECORDS, PO BOX 54, WEST PDO, NOTTS', UK)

BULGE

Legions Of Anal Doom. 7".
You want porn? YOU GET PORN! Pictures, samples, an more porn, playing cards with cocksucking and MORE PORN. Hustler freebies, the singers cock in his hand, and MORE PORN! Plus a little bit more porn besides. The record is mid paced, crunchy hardcore, lyrically, it's an anal fixation of the extreme kind. Sorry, did I mention PORN? (\$6PPD: FUDGEWORTHY RECORDS, 8 STEVIN DRIVE, WOBURN, MA 01801, USA)

DYSTOPIA/EMBITTERED

Split 12".
Holey, fuckin' maholey! If them big bumpkins don't thoroughly bulldoze through a series of gargantuan monster slugs of crusto' doomarama, it gives me bonzo's, with one track of spliffed up madness from the split with GRIEF. EMBITTERED wished they'd have ended up sounding the same, plenty of the above, but not the studio blasting production to match. "Crush" will forever be my favourite, ooooooeeeeee.... Alrighty, screaming hordes of bulleting bambozo's. This 'ere be the TEST PRESSING. I do not know when proper release will be. I not run label. I not answer mail. I not responsible for crucifixion of Christ, nor creator of the horrific, atomic beast. Don't ask me. Americano's - where our shit?? (FLAKE RECORDS)



HAMMERHEAD

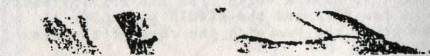
Into The Vortex. CD.
Since I got the 'Peep' 7", through the first LP, onto the split with the mighty GODHEADSILLO, then the slapping 10", but this mister and missus, is finest adventure yet. From start to finish, it lays it on thick, with a heavy duty slant of wicked sonic damage that I do like to blast loudly whilst skulking amongst the shit ridden, false claims of life that follow my every move. This fucka rocks, and don't let anyone tell you otherwise. (AMPHETAMINE REPTILE RECORDS, 2645 1ST AVENUE STH, MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55408, USA)

ICEBURN

Moon Brew #9. 7".
I'd heard these boys had flipped over to some deep progressive jazz type thing, but was not anticipating such a furious, menagerie of catatonic blasts that transported me into the underground of a 'Beat' gathering of the late '50's with all that panache and pontificating philosophy that would be rate such a record. If I were to use adjectives like: 'crazy', 'bizarre', and 'Off tha wall', I would be underestimating this group. I can imagine a slender slide down of those who will ignore this because the musical formula is very different to the norm', which just adds weight to the argument that punk rock moralists are insecure, traditionalist who fear radical change. A big fat phooey to you! (ART MONK CONSTRUCTION RECORDS, USA. Vique Simba may have copies though)

ISM

Hostility Breeds. TAPE.
For a 2 piece that recorded this 13 song monster in an hour, they sure do holler a lot! For a 2 piece the comparisons are gonna be obvious, but let's take it a little further shall we, and inject some super start/stop thrash from the west coast of America, like a whacked out CROSSED OUT smother generously with lashings of fucked off words, and memorable quotes from some of the Beat writers, add a spicely lament of people's inability to take a bus ride without getting into a lather, and hey presto!- ISM! With the anticipated extension into a bigger unit, we may have some east coast Scottish power violence on our hands. Comes complete with double sided A4 cover. (£1/\$4PPD: 5a FERRIER GARDENS, ABERDEEN, AB2 2QD, SCOTLAND, UK)



MELVINS

Prick. LP.
Apparently, the previous long player was not the huge success their label (Atlantic) would've liked (boo, fucking, hoo), so thus, they have decided not to press this piece on actual vinyl, so hence, once again, those fine fella's at AMREP' do the honours. Another new bassplayer, more new tunes, but unfortunately, not the Melvins I prefer to hold dearly to, as this time all manner of twisted doozie is displayed, putting this madness on par with the likes of PIGFACE (or the BUTTHOLE SURFERS maybe?) Although, I will freely admit to liking the two mentioned, the Melvins sounding as such is just not normal, and comes across as some fucked up improv' studio damage. I just hope they get better soon. (AMPHETAMINE REPTILE RECORDS)

NERVES

Self Titled. TAPE.
10 burts of quick, in yer face, punk rock blasts. When in the kitchen, blend 1 RANCID, 1 NEW BOMB TURKS, and 1 some old 80's Oi band, and garnish with lyrics questioning the roles of individuals and humanity, wash down with lashings of beer, fun, and soaked up mohicans, step outside for a drug overdose, and collapse in a veritable heap of glue bag vomit. Best experienced live for the stage antics, and cover songs, but just one question: How come it's so uptempo and fun, whilst the lyrics are so damn down? One of the UK's best new outfits, or the guitarist isn't my mate called TIM! (£1.50/\$3PPD: 59 WESTERN RD, LEICESTER, LE3, UK)

PEEP SHOW

Flow. TAPE.
So much better than I imagined, and with only 3 tracks. Uptempo, happy as Larry, with a melancholic kinda sway to it. Figure on a late 70's, early 80's pop punk trip, and you're half way there. It reminds me of someone, like the BUZZCOCKS or THE RUTS, or maybe I'm just stupid, and don't listen to enough of this teen spirit anymore. A whole long player of this wouldn't go amiss at all. (£?: 5 PADDINGTON ST, LONDON, W1 3LA, ENGLAND)

PINHEAD NATION

Where's Herne Bay? 7".
Ants in yer pants, or bugs in yer bed? Another 3 tracker from the sarf with it's fingers well and truly stuck in a NO MEANS NO meets THE EX whilst out camping with SCHLONG vacation. That's how the title track goes anyway. "Folklore" is a crazy drum barrage like falling piano's, and a hoarse, and hollering voice over, guitars swinging in and out, and more fucked up noises not unlike the shit MITB utilize. The final one, "Swagger" just reminds me of when there's too many things going on inside my head. The price; that's a bit steep. (£2.75/\$6PPD: DOGFISH RECORDS, 6 MARSHALL HOUSE, EAST STREET, LONDON, SE17 2 DX, ENGLAND)

RACHELS BREAKDOWN

Always This Way. CD.
Basically, if you like AEROSMITH, you'll like this. If like me, you don't dig that groove, you probably won't dig this. The only good thing going for it, in my opinion, is the self released nature of this disc, it's all hippy, and I ain't on drugs this minute.. (£?: 22 FLECKNEY AVENUE, WESTON PARK, LONGTON, STOKE ON TRENT, ST3 1TJ, ENGLAND)

RANCID

Let's Go. 10" x 2.
Yeah, I got all the previous releases, and I thought they were just fine. Saw them live at the end of last year, and virtually fell off my drink ing stool when I clocked a bunch of punk shocka's up on the stage about to let go, but this I am thoroughly HOT to; I pissed ma pants one night, too popped up when I slipped this on. 23 cuts, 4 sides, gatefold full colour, mohawks, studs, leathers and melody. This is shit hot! (EPITAPH RECORDS, somewhere in Hollywood)

SAM BLACK CHURCH

Let In Life. CD.
Yeah, dearie me, it does sound like the BAD BRAIN S (I am making too many damn comparisons I know), and thus leaves me all a shuddering, mainly due to the vocals warbling up and down the fucking scale like there's no tomorrow, and which serious ly gets on my tits. This is not me whatsoever. (TAANG RECORDS, PO BOX 51, AUBURNDALE, MA02166, US)

SCUD

Self Titled. 7".
Giving the word 'abrasive' extra clout, and another bad name. Just 2 songs played with an almighty gusto you'd expect from a band that gives out influences that I ain't gonna mention, because I'm not falling into anyone's traps. This puppy has a damn loud edge to it, buzzsaw guitars, meandering bass, plenty of thump, thump on the drums, with vox that are coarse and frightening. For the crytics amongst us, think of Christ, and Gecko, then go out and get this record. (BGR RECORDS)



SPORE

Giant. CD.
SPORE IS exactly my ball game, and are crazily disjointed with this offering, this recording gives me nightmare visions of missing trains, and all important sex missions with faceless persons. Great vocal trade off's from the dual genders; yet on the one hand it's laid back and smooth, then on the other, it's big, in your face, and a heaving bombastic fusion of essentially diverse music. One of the best, and most important pieces I've been sent, hope to check out more. (TAANG RECORDS)

STALINGRAD

Self Titled. TAPE.
I'm a staggerin' and a swayin' home one night from a particular bleak, social gathering sometime in 1991. The evening being lost in a wash of inebriated fuckery and loathesome "Nice to fuckin' meet ya" bollocks which I found hard to digest. I'd left this particular night club on account of having to go outside just to punch someone blind. So I'm staggerin' and a swayin' down the road as if ol' Satan himself was waiting for a duel at dawn. Some non descript local got a mouthful, and a clip round the ear, a row full of cars got the boot, t'was foul mood time. STALINGRAD are bleak as fuck, and did remind me of such an occasion, with their musical and lyric al journey into barren feelings. Harsh, heavy and plenty of bad mood vibe to fuck you up good n' proper like. If DUHHH was a band, it would be STALINGRAD, oh weep for my miserable soul. (£1.50/\$4PPD: 7 ACKWORTH STREET, WEST BOWLING, BRADFORD, BD5 7HA, ENGLAND)

STONE BODY

Canabal Parasitical. TAPE.
Assuming you've got loads of buddies, go around to see them, ask to borrow either a television set, or radio from each, then once you have enough booty, say, at least 10 of each, tramp back to your own gaff, and proceed to install all of the pieces of apparatus in one room. Switch each onto a different station, turn up loud, consume enough narcotics to let your mind slip into further realms of warped out subconscious, and slowly yet surely, you will feel either an overall calm with your life, or a panic attack, not yet experienced by humankind whatsoever. Alternately, just send the cash to the address below, and the audio cassette that is stated above will be delivered to your door, by a uniformed person, who will be unknown to what aural devastation you are letting yourself in for. This is NOT music, this 2 tracks, and approx' 90 minutes of sampled excerpts from all manner of twisted realities that are around in life as we know it. This is NOT easy listening, and whatever it is, it's mean, and totally fucked up! (£2.50/\$6PPD: SKINFILICK PRODUCTIONS, 30 LON-YR-GLYDER, MAES TRYFAN, BANGOR, GWYNEDD, LL57, 2UA, WALES, UK)

URBAN EXCRETIA/KRAPP

Punk Rock Chaos. Split TAPE.
This didn't do a lot for me except remind me of bad times whilst on glue back in '82, and as it's 1994, well....figure it out.... U.E. side is a demo and is punk rock. Silly and serious, yet seriously plodding. KRAPP side is live, and is like the hangover I'm trying to banish from my body as I type. I'm sure there'll be some who are into all this, but in all honesty, it just isn't me. (£1.50/\$4PPD: 2 WESTACRE DRIVE, QUARRY BANK, WEST MIDLANDS, DY5 2EE, ENGLAND)

PRINT

ANGRY THOREAUAN *9 (A4ish)

Everytime I read this publication, I'm left nursing a smarting head that has been pummeled like no tomorrow, and then I'm left wondering what the fuck exactly goes through Tin Ear's brain on any given day to warrant such a throat throttling war of attrition? Which probably explains why I decided to interview the fella, just to see what would occur (kinda like; lighting a firework, and standing well back!). How do you propose I set about reviewing this one? Usual format, oh- use of slick DTP now, and going with 2 colour printing throughout. There's strange tales of Orange County Kops losing touch with reality, and going trigger happy. Yr editor's tales of drunken wandering, forklifting madness and working your way out of work by visiting the local strippers bars instead. Mistress Anja talks about 'Cross Dressing', Monique defends phone sex Industrial music originated in the last century (very true), Regi Mentle hollers, all of which is of course just half of it. Reviews a plenty that

paint a very fucked up picture of America given the publications dissected. There's just too much so I suggest you just damn well buy it!
(\$4PPD: see address at end of his interview).

THE BUREAU OF THE BANAL *1 (A4)

Just what I need; more truths unfurled, conspiracies proven, life given meaning, just what's needed if it ain't all screwy already. More holy honesty than ever before.

Information and it's control, Banking, Surveillance, Television, Suicide, The CIA, Manufactured AIDS, European conspiracy, Morality & Progression Government cover-ups, Coincidences, Serial Killings, shopping, Santa, and Satan (no shit!).

"The trouble can be knowing too much", a wise man once said. How much information can be digested? I'm paranoid enough already (fuck the notion, I've got something to hide).

Paranoia anyone?
(£1.50/\$4PPD: 206 WIGAN ROAD, STANDISH, WIGAN, WN6 0AH, UK).

BYPASS *3 (A4)

This magazine could be really good. The idea's and innovation's are there, but what would improve it no end (as a suggestion), would be the inclusion of more enticing editorials, juicily madcap japes from reality land no one dares visit, and to increase it's number of pages, basically, MORE than just reviewing the products sent in. Yeah, I know this is a listings magazine (like FACTSHEET 5), and they do inject a wad of personality and charm. The printing and typesetting is snazz (another to use 2 colour), the front cover is a feast courtesy of Simon "ARNIE", and overall it's getting there!

If you produce printed matter, send in your shit for review (include a couple of stamps or IRC's for return copy as they're experiencing poverty) and support this venture.

(£1.20/\$4PPD: BOX B, 111 MACDALEN ROAD, OXFORD, OX4, ENGLAND, UK).

INTERNAL CONFLICT *6 (A5)

Nice cover graphic, with similar artistic compliments inside. I had this down as just another angry, anarcho' zine (which it is, but...) it's best to perhaps remember where this is coming from. Articles and opinions expressed deal wholly a strong anti authoritarian stance covering; ANC activism and their Marxist politics, the spreading of propaganda, reports on localised animal liberation activity, straight edge, class struggle, American (in) justice, an interview with a woman who gave up parenthood, and lastly a tirade against booze, fags, and narcotics, which because of it's simplistic and cliched approach, seriously got up my back.

(\$2PPD: PO BOX 51465, RAEDENE 2124, JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA).

PARANOIA *3 (A4ish)

So how many people inhabit this planet? How many of them will be given the opportunity to ripen with old age? Who makes the rules? Who controls? Who initially programmed the human race? No one on this piece o' rock, no one from the CIA, not even one of the elite organisations right at the goddamn top of the social ladder.

Take the law of averages; who succeeds, and who does not? Who lives in shit housing, and who has moola a plenty? Who gets picked up hitching, and who doesn't? Who invented 'language'?

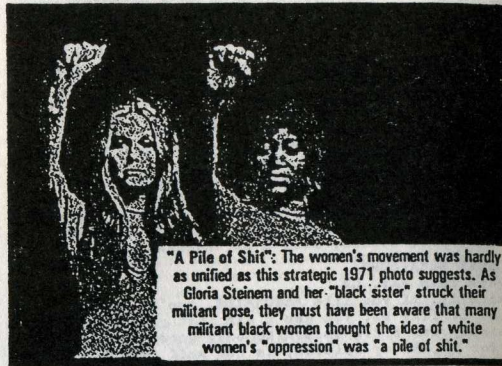
The whole caboodle is in this, not specifically the above pertinent points, but more information you're not supposed to know, you can shake a stick at.

The whole caboodle of this mag' is summed up eloquently in one of the letters to the editor, in which it states: "I would subscribe to your magazine, but I am afraid". Or take the statement, taken from the essay: 'People in UFO's': "We are nothing but cholesterol based beings trapped in a petroleum based economy owned by a covert group which installs titular heads of State to pull the wool over our eyes".

The government, the security, the military don't run shit, there is, it would seem, a very fuckin' elite group who are subliminally eradicating everything of monetary value whilst gathering up the true economic resources, that will one day run the whole fucking show. If you aren't scared yet, you are dumb, and you soon will be.

This is an essential source, topics include:

Feminism's hidden history (initiated, and run by the CIA. You don't think?...well check it out!), Scum Manifesto, the Mark Chapman programming, Porn is empowering, mechanics of control, conspiracy theories by women, suspicious deaths, UFO's, Astronomy and mysteries, the CIA killed Marilyn Monroe, Jonestown and the Rev' Jim Jones, satanism, evil child fuckers, assassins, and fuck wads more!
(\$4PPD: PO BOX 3570, CRANSTON, RI 02910, USA).



"A Pile of Shit": The women's movement was hardly as unified as this strategic 1971 photo suggests. As Gloria Steinem and her 'black sister' struck their militant pose, they must have been aware that many militant black women thought the idea of white women's 'oppression' was "a pile of shit."

PHAZED *1 (A5)

Being the official publication of the TOXIC CORPORATION! who are here to serve up a slice of severe cynicism, yet joy when it comes down to more dis-information spreading, dissemination, and counter cultural terrorism.

Would it be just easy for me to list what is within? Cyber sex, Self Unemployment and the labour of work conspiracies, Cliff Richard- Urban Terrorist, the truth about Police Squad, Virtual Reality, Nazi law = government, Chomsky, the right on agitator becomes agony aunt with hilarious results, plus more, and the blazing review of 'Special Red' cider (a drink that always goes down well with us too). Just a pity it wasn't longer.

(20P & SAE/£2PPD: PO BOX 87, IPSWICH, IP4 4JQ, UK)

RUBBER WHAMMY *2 (A6ish)

"God sends nuts to those who have no teeth" proclaims the cover. This is a bizarre booklet, in size and content, more a catalogue for the rubber stamps you can purchase (or send in your own idea (s) to be made up). There's some wicked and wierd ones from domestic situations, sleazy scenario's, screwy happenings, obscure posing, just downright hookie stampers to stamp on yr letters, envelopes, stationary, skateboard, face, fridge, anything! Alao includes debates, graffiti on churches that say "Come on in and suck Jesus off", Top 10 Cults, boyfriend and girlfriend quiz, the encouragement to (mis)use postpaid envelopes, a guide to men, feminists against censorship, in fact, it's amazing how so much is crammed in. Seriously whacked out
(50P & SAE/\$2PPD: BM DECADENCE, LONDON, WC1N 3XX, ENGLAND, UK).

SLAUGHTERED TREES AND TOXIC INK *2 (A5)

This is another slimline publication from the 'Resistance Productions' HQ, and this time it's from Pablo, who states (and I quote): "I did the whole fuckin' zine to get a decent review in Anthony's DUHHH zine".

WHOAH!!!! am I missing something here? Is it that important? I know we haven't seen eye to eye for a long fucking time, but that's a bit silly. Anyway, the subjects covered include the PC ethic, and personal opinion, The human Body, 3rd World politics, the raising of kids in a punk environment the use of chemical medicines to reduce population (which seems a fucking contradiction after the last topic if you ask me), Anarchy (how could we forget that oi! chestnut?) being the solution (no it's not), and vivisection.

All of which could have been covered in "NO SANCTUARY" (the other zine Pablo is a part of), rather than isolate the issue's. That aside, it's worth investigating, and it's cheap, so you fagin characters have now to moan about.

(\$1PPD: PO BOX 3142, 2500 BIEL 3, SWITZERLAND).

SMILE *11 (A4)

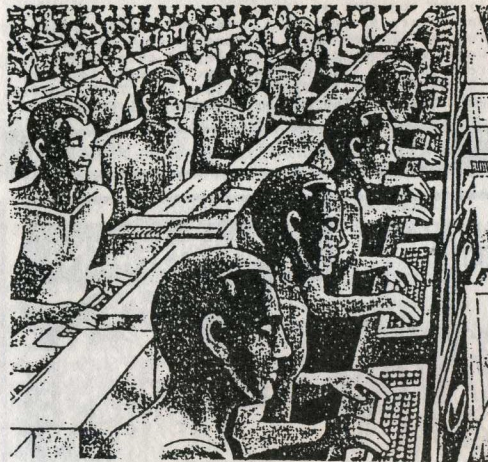
It would come as a surprise and complete coincidence to discover that virtually all of this seminal issue (as I will now say), is but an exhausting, emotional, angry and fucked off rant aimed at Hackney Council with their ability to muck around with people's lives. Andy Martin relegates his typical flamboyant writing style, for a more favourable, and quite justified frustrated, bombastic, hatred fuelled set of prose that deal with the above named organisation. No stone is left unturned for dirty tricks of council bureaucracy to use, in their perennial quest to dissipate basic human feeling, with their contemptuous brand of pissing people off.

This is vitriolic and volatile writing, and it'll probably leave you feeling pretty damn angry too. Like a Mike Leigh feature put in text format, or an Alan Bleasdale film script.

Not content with that? The assassinations continue as no one is spared of the burning and seething discourse, the figures of Church, State, Politics, and capitalism are laid out and given a well deserved kicking! Once done, bring in all the freaks, the minions of mucus munching gonzo's, in fact, no fucker is left standing.

Jess Hopkins gives us 'LOVE', 'SEX', & 'RELATIONSHIPS', and what appears to be a sado masochistic tragedy.

Grant Hood offers violence and the Martial Arts. But as Mr Martin says; "Smarten yourselves up!". (50P & SAE/\$3PPD: BOX 4, 136 KINGSLAND HIGH ST, HACKNEY, LONDON, E8, UK).



VISION ON *8 (A4ish)

There's an article in here that mentions voting. I'm sick 'n' fucking tired of hearing sad assed statements like this, that it's the 'lesser of 2 evils'. I don't give a rat's ass about how we should uphold this archaic system of fucked, and so called 'democracy'. People who are under this illusion that it's a system that works, and that voting will make a supposed 'change'. Spoon fed politics have no platform, call me whatever....

Despite thinking this would be just another music zine, I was glad to have been proven wrong. The article from Dave 'Cambridge' hinted at an honest mind at work, I dug it, and I read it. If you can stomach 13 pages of reviews, your digestive tract is in good working order. You'll also relive interviews with SHELLAC, DOA, HARD-ONS, EXIT CONDITION, VOODOO GLOWSKULLS, TEXTON MOTOR CORP', etc. It's big 'n' meaty.

(60P & SAE/\$3PPD: 27 SPRINGBANK CROFT, HOLMFIRTH, HUDDERSFIELD, HD7 1LW, UK).

WHAT HAPPENED TO SALLY? *2/*3/*4 (A4)

Richard's doing a handsome job with producing the se free 4 page broadsheet cum newsletter cum spark of creativity. Complaints are: not enough in it (could fit more), no organisation (very spontaneous), but the pro point is, it's free goddamn, so no one can complain really.

The former point is, by the way, being taken care of, and a new moniker is on the way to boot!

*2 has an interview with FABRIC, a Mickey Mouse & Goofy cartoon strip as you've never seen them before, news clippings on the Fred West killings, a big bozo nicks little girls balloon comic strip and odds more.

*3 has an interview with RANCID HELL SPAWN, God, Jesus and Love, a picture of a big bug, straight edge faggot strip, McDonalds are legal bullies clipping, and of course more.

*4 has interview with BUGEYED, and the usual shit! (FREE!! Send some stamps or IRC's: 445 UPPINGHAM ROAD, LEICESTER, LE5 6RA, UK).

WELL FED NOT AN ANIMAL DEAD (A5)

This should have gone before the previous one, if I am to keep in track of this alphabetical spaghetti schmooze, but I'm stupid.

THICK vegan booklet this one, and there's no damn music in it! Information about giving up, and giving in to the cruelty free lifestyle that's just smart. The good thing about it, was the fact that it's mostly unpredictable in some respects, although I have my reservations about the cheesy (oops there's a pun!) pictures that accompany the writing, but with Graham has stated, is putting forward a 'positive' image, (and you'll just have to check it out to see what I mean).

Swell tips also about brewing your own beers and wines, cooking your own food, yeah y'know, cooking, and not relying on that prepackaged garbage they shove in your face all the time.

Whether you're new to it, or a boring, thanks you 's knows it all mofu, well worth a gander.

(£1 & SAE/\$3PPD: 35 RAYLEIGH AVENUE, WESTCLIFFE ON SEA, ESSEX, SSO 7DS, UK).

LATE REVIEWS

There's always more, and here it is. But first of all, if I publish my WANTS list here and now, will it prove worth, and will it bear fruit? You need a little intermission afore you re-board the coach back to review oblivion, and I would like this shit so step to it!

Winona Ryder pics (of course), 1 XL ICEBURN shirt in mint condition to parade around town, 1 copy of the first CHRIST ON PARADE LP, 1 copy of the one & only RITES OF SPRING LP, a free subscription to "ANSWER ME" magazine, about a grand so I can get back to smart DTP country, MAN IS THE BASTARD recordings as thus: Split 2" with ~~Ben~~ ~~Ignorant~~, split 7" with Bizarre Uproar, Triple Split 12". 'Sum Of Men' 12", (yah, yah, give me orgasms - some fuckin' chance!), the key to escape whatever the fuck it is I'm supposed to think over leaving behind as reported by 'THE CARDS' one night last month, (thank you very much!), oh, and probably a good chinning after talking too much shite whilst under the influence.

Go on, read some more crap now.

ANGRY THOREAUAN *10 (A4ish).

Ditto as previous review, for what is contained is yet more slippery action from The Rev'. The letters are a hoot, a critique, no, a damn near good kicking on the 'Generation X' bollocks that's now all the rage, fun and High school reminiscence, Tin Ear is everywhere (tho' he wasn't at the bar the last time I was at the 1 in 12, so nananal), Zinefest '94 meets OJ Simpson on the highway phenomenon, more phallic fone fun, an interview with SLEEP CHAMBER, the kind of band that should be playing here I say! Hell, no need for more back slappin'. (Blah, blah, you've got all the info elsewhere).

ARNIE *7 (A4)

"The chid fuelled, West Country special!", and who are you to argue?! Because when you have Simon 'Arnie' yappin' n' staggerin' around ya at a club festival, calling for cigarettes, slurring speeches of pointy tits, and generally berating anyone loosely fitting the description of a straight edge kid, you just lean back and go along for the ride. Interviews with A38 and MAGGOT SLAYER OVERDRIVE, columns on stuff serious, and not so serious, choc o' plenty reviews, and of course the "Right On Kid s", "Subvertman" and "Young Arnie" strips, which

are a fakkin' larf. Homebrew article inclusive. And it will be known (oh yes), that Simon 'Arnie' is a genius, for only he can draw punk rock women that will turn you on! Buy fucking loads!! (50p & SAE/\$2ppd: PO BOX 1802, BATH, BA1 3TJ, UK).



BONDS OF FRIENDSHIP #7 (A5)

Long time between issue's, and back to a more compact format. Not much music in this bar a few paragraphs on the local scene, and a rather interesting chat with NEUROSIS. The bulk is a travel diary of Joris' trips over the Middle and Far East, and this stuff was good! The action is a plenty, the hardship in abundance, and there's even one slice that was written whilst under war conditions whilst travelling through Kurdistan. Scarred, knackered, and undue sexual self repression, the journals probe lifestyles, views, happenings, and overall a damn fine read! Yeah, we want more personal shit! Sexuality is the main ingredient here, explorations and truths, discovered and enlightenment. Recommended. (\$2PPD: LEEUW VAN VLAANDERENLAAN 55, 2950 KAPELLEN BELGIUM).

THE MORGANS: Self Titled. 12"

Was very confusing, for the moniker drummed up visions of some sad, indie pap band, whilst the sleeve art depicted frightening images in montage style that would have looked right at home on an early Crass recording. Wasn't too hot on the A Side, but the flip was great; mid paced, emo kinda like Internal Autonomy,

meets All About Eve (ulp), meets the Lost Cherrees which, no doubt were due to the swooping, charismatic, and quite yummy, female vocals. Not bad at all in fact. (£7: BAD POPE COMMUNICATIONS, PO BOX 363, SIDCUP, KENT, DA14 4SX, UK).

NO SENSATION #2 (A5)

Don't know, but want to know the facts about: squatting in new South Africa, and how the operate evictions? Alternatives to vivisection? (blowing up vivisection's would be a start). Smoking; and if you do, you're a cunt (basically). How to kill a baby (seal)? Anti ENI and the Bagger(s) boys? Vancouver scene report? Zine reviews? Graphics? D'ya want to know all that? Then send your bucks pronto! Also (yeah?...), I found the localised reports a brave move, as noisy, hip bands sell zines, check out the animal liberation benefit, and how humans saved a tree. Like a biscuit, rather than a huge, slap up meal. (\$2PPD: PO BOX 1901, BEDFORD VIEW, 2008 JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA).

STEALWORKS: John Yates.

Oooh, very nice, "put it on yr coffee table to impress", book of amalgamated graphic works of the Yates variety. Biafra's introduction was a bit piss poor, though ol' Yates puts that right with his detailed outpouring of his life, punk rock, and doodling, which includes a very disturbing photo of the bloke himself from college days, yes, very scary. You've seen "PUNCHLINE" magazine I'm assuming? This is a collection from all those, plus a few, never released pieces, tastefully, and slickly put together as it is. Well smart presentation, and well worth picking up instead of some LP on 'Epitaph' for a change. Order it from Active, and they'll even throw in a free copy of his 'WARFEAR' art package, to boot! (£7.95PPD: ACTIVE DISTRIBUTION, BM ACTIVE, LONDON, WC1N 3XX, UK. See advert somewhere else).

HAIL GODHEADSILO & TIT WRENCH!

REV' RANDALL TIN EAR

Interviewed thru' the mail, by Anthony P., September 1994, as free, return airline tickets to California are a bit hard to come by, (a couple of questions edited out due to lack of space).

Full Name:

Rev. Randall Tin-ear (For the sake of the inevitable scoffers, each of my names represents me, as should anyone's name for themselves.)

Age: chronologically, 26

Marital Status:

Hairstyle:

Disowned

dunkel rot-braun

Eye Colour:
Scheizen-braun

Favourite Pasttime:
Severe vandalism and pranks

WHY THE CHANGE FROM 'HAPPY THRASHER' TO 'ANGRY THOREAUAN'? IS THERE ANY SPECIFIC REASON THAT KEEPS YOU GOING, AND TO WHAT EXTENT & PURPOSES, WHAT-DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE ACHIEVED?

The HAPPY THRASHER was a music fanzine whereas The ANGRY THOREAUAN Magazine is a periodical (due mainly to its publishing frequency of quarter-annually). The H.t. had changed quite considerably over the nearly four years since its inception, and further change was inevitable. I put to rest the title and music-oriented angle because the publishing project had become a large part of my life, and i had not only become tired of the influx of similar fanzines (which were sent for review and/or in trade), but had grown bored of being such a zine. However, i have not eradicated music from my life or The ANGRY THOREAUAN; it is still a considerable part of my life, just not the main portion.

As for why i keep going, well, i have oftenly speculated on that aspect, and although such searches have been rather deep and nearly ridiculous, i have yet to actually discover just why i have spent so many thousands of dollars, as well as what sanity i may have had, on publishing a magazine that is ignored, reviled, and rejected. I have no real purpose or point in publishing other than to express that which i wish to express; were i hoping to be popular and make loads of cash at it, i would not only suck up to talented, popular, and moried zinesters as Seth FACTSHEET FIVE and Darby BEN IS DEAD, but i would have created a groove into which i could slip and become stale, such as MRR and YOUR FLESH.

WHY PRODUCE A ZINE, RATHER THAN BEING IN A BAND? IS IT MORE ACCEPTABLE TO WRITE MUSIC RATHER THAN WORDS & DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANY TRUTH; THAT IF YOU'RE PART OF A BAND, YOU'RE TREATED DIFFERENTLY, i.e: BY GAINING MORE RESPECT? WHAT'S THE WIERDEST ITEM YOU'VE BEEN SENT FOR REVIEW?

I am not in a band because i have intense stage fright (or so i think). In fact, when i used to be a sound engineer (in the 80s), i hated to even get on stage (during a band's set) to even change a faulty mic or cord or what have you; if i could find someone else to do it, i would attempt to override my sense of perfectionism and send that person. I do not think that i shall ever be in a band,

either; i never thought that i would be a magazine publisher, either.

The wierdest item, eh? I have received quite the variety of strange submissions, so i cannot state any one in particular, but the "Snacks" zine is a choice candidate of late. This zine was from Canada and it was a compilation of lost pet flyers, the cover of which had an actual dog biscuit glued to it. I reviewed it in A.T. #9, and have since made a t-shirt design from the most bizarre flyer from it, one about how an oriental family's dog was decapitated and the head stolen, and their plea to have it returned.

GOSSIP KEEPS EVERYONE GOING, SO GIVE US SOME GOSSIP ABOUT THE WELL KNOWN, HIGHLY RESPECTED/REGARDED PUNKS IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD. HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK ANAHEIM AS A PLACE INFLUENCED HOW YOU ARE AS A PERSON, & HOW YOU'VE RUN YOUR LIFE? PICK A SECTION OF THE COMMUNITY, TELL US ABOUT IT, & WHAT MAKES IT AS IT.

A couple of years ago, i would have not only been glad to stir the shit for the sake of doing so, but able to do so. However, i am part of no "scene", and am unable to provide any gossip. Most people would agree that i am quite anti-social because i am rather vocal with my opinions (of which i seem to have at least one for everything and everyone). I do have a habit of quelling any quarrels directed at me, and so i tend to be passed up any local gossip.

My post office box is in Anaheim, California, and although i lived in Anaheim for but a year (in 1990 to 1991, during which i was booking shows at U-Genes'; some of the bands were NAUSEA (NY), NEUROSIS, ASBESTOS DEATH, FILTH, ECONOCHRIST, and MINDROT). it had little influence on myself. I have lived as far away as Okinawa (during the post WWII occupation). It is hard to say what exactly influences me; i sincerely feel that i am constantly learning, and i know quite well that i am forever putting to test my theories and ideals, and so all of that is influence (the results, i mean).

WILL PUNK ROCK EVER BE MORE THAN JUST A 'YOUTH' CULTURE OF IDEALISTIC REBELLION? DO YOU SEE IT PROGRESSING OR REGRESSING FROM YOUR INITIAL INVOLVEMENT (AS THAT'S A GOOD PLACE FOR ENTHUSIASM & MOTIVATION TO NURTURE & GROW). IF IT WEREN'T "THE REV", WHO WOULD YOU BE, AND WHY?

Punk rock was once something in which i participated, but i have since grown disinterested in it as a "scene" (i do not say "movement" because i have not seen anything that allowed such a definition). I could brag that what i am doing is "punk" because it is not only different but sincere, but as "punk" is now a definite music style as well as i do not care to waste time arguing about what is or is not "punk", i shall not. I will not say that i learned nothing from punk; it has influenced me greatly. However, it, as with anything, is not at all a "be all, end all", and so i have gone on to other interests. I do not regret that which i contributed to the local punk scene, however little or great such contributions may

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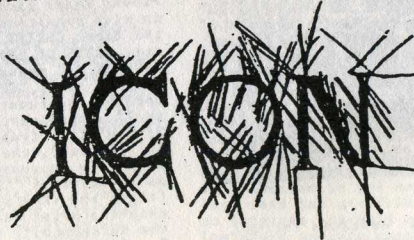


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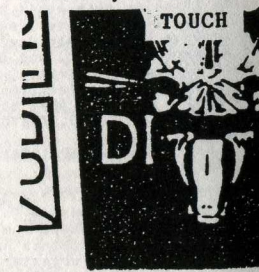


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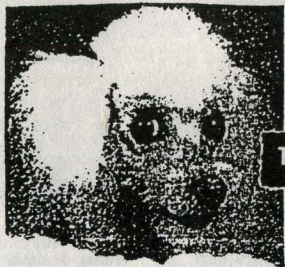
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MISSING DOG HEAD



The infamous "dead dog"

flyer, as mentioned

have been, and i would be a fool to state that i learned nothing useful from it.

If i were not who i now am, i know not what i may have been. I had absolutely no idea that i would, after many years that were sincerely devoted to Boy Scouts (which culminated in Eagle Scout) and the military (three years of Air Force ROTC during which i gained the rank of Captain and nearly went to the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, CO), i would be doing as i do and have done for the past seven years. Just as my involvement in the punk scene resulted in many wonderful discoveries, i do not regret the decade that i devoted to the military and government, as their are very few people who publish and write in the "underground" who can claim such insight.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN ACCUSED OF SOMETHING YOU DEFINATELY AREN'T, & HAVE YOU ACCUSED SOMEONE OF SOMETHING SIMILAR, PASSING JUDGEMENT WITHOUT INVESTIGATION?

Many times have i been accused of that which i was not. Of course, i cannot say that i have not done the same to other folk, but i do have the integrity to apologise and attempt some compensation for my mistakes. One of the more bizarre false accusations was by some moron by the name of Katya (Mauz DYSTOPIA knows her, and knows that she is a fucking loose nut). Anyhow, back in 1992, she left some messages on the ANGRY THOREAUAN / WWMU Event Line, and with it her telephone number. I eventually talked to her, and she said that she wanted to meet me. Well, we eventually set up a time and date to meet (at the Rocky Horror Picture Show where she was a stagegirl, in Long Beach), but when that time arrived, she was nowhere to be found. I phoned her up a day or two later, and she hung up on me. She continued to hang up on me everytime that i rang, so i eventually gave up. Some months (or a year? I cannot remember), she called me and said that she was sorry for what she had done, and that the reason she had stood me up and hung up on me was because some girl had told her that i had raped her and such. I did not even know the girl who told Katya, yet the dumbass believed her. She still wanted to meet me, but i blew her off, as she was just another SoCal fuck-up. As for some recent accusations aimed at myself, Jim and Debby Goad (of ANSWER ME!), because of a badly executed joke that i attempted on the internet, accused me first of planning to steal their archive copies of AM! #s 1-3, then that i wanted to bootleg the same, and after i spoke to Jim over the phone and apologised (no-one else cared about my stupid "joke"), accused me publicly (via the internet) of being a liar because i had not included in the joke my name, yet i had fessed up immediately afterwards to Jim personally. We no longer communicate. A couple of local record shoppes, Mad Platter in Costa Mesa and Piggyback Records in San Clemente (both are in Orange County, CA) have sincerely accused me of being bought out by Epitaph Records, who were bought out by a major record

label. News to me, and although i have treated it as a joke, i may exploit the angle the California way (i.e., "sue your way to wealth!") Time shall tell, hummm?

AS A SUPPORTER OF THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS, ARE YOU SLAGGED BY OTHERS FOR UPHOLDING. SO CALLED; NEGATIVE/MACHO/Un-ETHICAL SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS THAT COULD BE ALTERED OTHER WAYS? WHY CARRY/OWN A GUN, FOR PROTECTION? IS IT PARTICULARLY EASY TO GO INTO A STORE & DEPART WITH A FIREARM OF YOUR CHOICE? CAN YOU FORSEE, ALL THE HOLIER THAN THOU FOLK (PUNK OR NOT), REALISING THAT SOCIETY IS JUST BREAKING DOWN, & ALL THE GOOD INTENTIONED SOLUTIONS TO THIS CRAZY MESS, JUST AIN'T GONNA WORK OUT. GUERRILLA WAR FARE; A PRACTICAL & REALISTIC FORM OF RADICAL CHANGE

I am sometimes set upon by pacifists and other impractical and dogmatic idiots who feel that they must disarm all civilians. Of course, they also want to destroy all weapons everywhere, but they seem content to just eradicate any armed constituents, citizens, etc., while the police and other government lackeys run freely about armed to the teeth. I do find satisfaction in that such fools are being gunned down while awaiting their precious policemen.

I have no doubt as to the inevitable bloodbath that shall transpire should the government go loopy and once again allow its citizens to freely arm themselves; too many generations have been taught how to handle weapons but told not to use them. Too, the severe strains of everyday life that people have allowed to be placed on them (inflation, consumerism, wage-slavery, religion, etc.) will ensure that such a sudden freedom will be abused to no end for many years, if not a few decades or generations. After that, people will have ascertained their lifestyles, as well as realise that any type of theft carried out with a weapon will just as surely be averted with a similar weapon, and once the fear is gone (the fear that will have people paranoid for the first few years due to the knowledge that everyone is armed and not a few shall misuse their firearms), then the people might be able to get back to living and doing as they wish (in consideration of others, of course). A dealistic outlook, maybe even radically far-fetched, but so what? I'n youse dont like it, i'll fill ya fulla lead!

Fortunately, the acquisition of firearms is not an easy task - for stupid people. Although one cannot stroll into a smithy or armoury and walk out armed, or even obtain arms without surrendering a load of vital information to the very entity against which one shall probably soon fight (the government), an arsenal of various weapons can be acquired without the local constabulary or federal spooks knowing, and in ways legal and illegal, to boot.

As for the breakdown of society and how such a shakeup shows how good intentions are good for naught, a good analogy would be the use of sign language being utilised for communicating with

"Monique (Phallic Phone Fun, columnist), & The Rev. Randall Tin Ear (drunk)



at the Zinefest '94 on Melrose Ave, in Hollywood". (photo by Brian).

the blind; i.e., logic is a language that is incomprehensible among morons, and morons make up at least 99% of the human population.

IF YOU'RE A BELIEVER (OR HAVE AN INTEREST) IN CONSPIRACY THEORIES, JUST HOW MUCH INFORMATION DO YOU THINK THERE IS, THAT NO ONE HAS ANY IDEA OF? MOST OF THE INFORMATION OUT THERE IS CRAZY, BUT WOULD IT BE SUGGEST THAT THERE IS A HELL OF A LOT MORE, MORE SINISTER THAT WE DON'T KNOW (OR WOULDN'T WANT TO KNOW)?

I would be a fool to even begin thinking that there are no sinister and complex cover-ups. Other than that, though, i have nothing to state.

HAS HUMANITY BEEN PROGRAMMED TO ACT HOW IT DOES? IS HUMANITY A FLAWED CONCEPT?

Oh, i suppose that humanity has been programmed to act how it does, but i shall also direct the reader's attention to my answer to Question #8, in particular the part about delegation of responsibility.

IF YOU'RE SUPERSTITIOUS YOU DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER THIS, DO YOU TALK DIRTY WHILST HAVING SEX? (No, i don't know what it's got to do with that either).

Em, what has the concept of retaining "superstitions" have to do with talking dirty only to those with whom i engage sexual intercourse (or similar liaisons)? Yes, i do "talk dirty" when having sex, but only when i have sex with other people (!)

WOULD YOU SAY PERSONAL HAPPINESS IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN CREATING (COULD BE ANYTHING) SOMETHING YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN A 100%, ASSUMING YOU HAVE A CHOICE TO DO EITHER? IS TRUE HAPPINESS A VERY RARE EVENT (SOME WOULD SAY IT LASTS APPROX 15 SECS IN A PERSON'S WHOLE LIFE), OR IS YOUR LIFE JUST A BIG FUCKING PARTY?

The concept of being "absolute" is silly at best, and "truth", being a synonym of "absolute", is just as unattainable. However, i not only would much prefer happiness over creating some half-assed concept (such as a publication that panders to shitty music for the sake of attracting and appeasing advertisers, of which there are too many these days), but i would find personal happiness in creating something, so i suppose the two ideas are one in the same to me.

WHAT'S LEFT TO DO WITH THE "ANGRY THOREAUAN"? HOW FAR DO YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE IT? HAVE YOU EVER REFUSED TO PRINT ANYTHING, OR IS IT PRETTY MUCH AN OPEN FORUM?

If anyone knows what is left to do with The ANGRY THOREAUAN, then it is not myself. As each issue develops, it is literally a day-to-day process of which no prepared itinerary is followed

or even produced. When i "published" the first issue of the Happy Thrasher, there were but ten copies made, and although it was about 20 pages (or slightly more), i could now compress that same amount into about three pages. However, doing such a deed is a moot point, for although i enjoy the emotions brought on by the entertainment that is music (and even the rare instance when music is a force other than a selfish release of unrefined aggression or an attempt by which to solicit sex), it is not the focus of The ANGRY THOREAUAN. I have refused to print loads of submissions, the reason that i accept almost none save the couple of columns (that are done by close friends who write and relate well their thoughts and experiences). Most people still fail to understand the fact that i am the author of at least 95% of that which constitutes the ANGRY THOREAUAN Magazine.

I'M ASKING PEOPLE HOW THEY DEAL WITH STRESS. HOW DO YOU DEAL WITH STRESS?

Alcohol, writing, fucking, dumpster diving, masturbation, bicycle riding, annoying those within immediate proximity, and deep discussions are many of the manners by which i vent my stress.

GIVEN THE CHOICE, YOU WOULD HAVE SEX WITH WHO? YOU RESPECT WHO? YOU ARE JEALOUS OF WHO? YOU HATE WHO?

There are many people with whom i think that i would enjoy a round (or ten) of sex, and for many and various reasons. I respect those who are confident in what they do, but only if i find it a concept with which i do not vehemently disagree. Jealousy, just as its brother idolatry, are repulsive traits that i usually ignore. I also refuse to waste time hating people; if someone less than likes me, then they can either piss off or be prepared to engage their dispute with me in a fatally thorough manner.

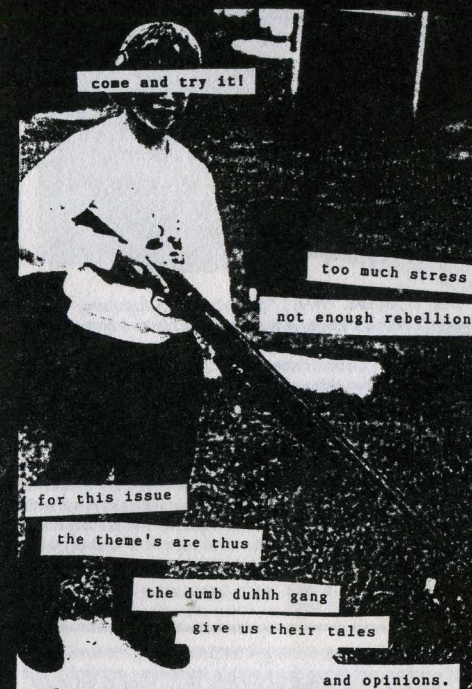
Now that i have yet again made myself appear as an ass to those who find my practical applications reactionary if not outright repugnant, i disclose my addresses and a voice mail by which you may post your rebuttals and so forth:

ANGRY THOREAUAN
c/o Rev. Randall Tin-ear
P. O. Box 2246
Anaheim, CA 92814

E-Mail: RevTinear@aol.com

714.740.3063

STRESS (& REBELLION)



Does anybody remember the Poll Tax? Anyone who attended the Anti Poll Tax demo in London in 1990 which ended as a riot in Trafalgar Square will probably remember that after noon for the rest of their lives. I for one, will never forget the sight of baton swinging riot police, mercilessly wading into women, children and old age pensioners. And never will I forget the sight of those same police running for their lives after tasting some of their own medicine from people who were able to fight back. That day was the culmination, the end result of every individual protest against that insane tax. The day when everyone came together, and witnessed the naked brutality of the state, it's guardians, and the lengths to which they will go to enforce injustice. The following day it was even more revealing to see politicians of every persuasion jumping up and condemning the rioters. To see the media via careful editing reveal it's true colours and turn everything around, heaping praise upon the police, and turning the whole affair into a criminal event instigated by anarchists. Throughout the whole of the Anti Poll Tax campaign there was constant talk particularly from

the SWP/Militant camp of a "Movement", united together. Those words finally appeared to ring physically true on that afternoon in Trafalgar when massed upon the streets it was obvious we were all in this together. It was obvious by their willingness to baton charge and to plough police vans into anyone and everyone that the police also saw us as a mass-as a movement. And for those few hours while we were actually united there on the streets, we gained enough power to see off the police, and to send a nervous shiver down the spine of conservative England. It wasn't long afterwards that the government announced that it was to review the whole Poll Tax policy, thus finally admitting defeat. It appeared that we had won, that we had sunk the tory flagship. We were victorious.

Time passed by, life continued. The Poll Tax was quietly replaced by the Council Tax, basically a remodified version, but only applicable to people who actually owned property, thus leaving me and many others exempt. I felt quite pleased that I had escaped without paying a penny, that is, until about two years later when a brown envelope came through the letterbox addressed to me, enclosing a back dated Poll Tax bill for over £1000.00. I didn't have a clue how they had discovered where I was living, but because of the huge amount they said I owed, I thought I shouldn't just ignore, and hope it would go away. When I began asking around for advice about what to do, I was amazed to find that just about everyone had already paid the tax, or were just about finishing paying it through installments, either with their wages or by it being deducted from dole money. I was told the local Anti Poll Tax Union had closed their office, and the only advice being given by the Militant Tendency was to move on, and to keep moving so they could never catch up with you. I was told that the council was going all out to get money back from defaulters, and that the courts were showing no mercy and simply jailing anyone too poor, or anyone still unwilling to pay. I felt very alone and isolated. Stressed. I wasn't in a position to easily move address and a thousand pounds was just beyond me. I felt because of the large sum involved, that the council would come down heavy to get it, and I didn't want to go to jail.

It seemed that all the talk in the past by organizations such as Militant and the SWP of an anti tax 'Movement' and unity- save for that day in Trafalgar, and a few other demo's was simply just talk and bullshit. When it came down to it, it was just us as individuals alone in our homes, up against this fucking great legal machine. I cursed myself and everyone else for not having the courage to go and bomb the fuck out of all the tax offices. I cursed Margaret Thatcher for bringing this on me, and I cursed Militant for creating this illusion of being together and then abandoning us. The line from 'Eton Rifles' by The Jam kept coming to me, and seemed to neatly sum it all up- "What a catalyst you turned out to be, loaded the guns, then you run off home for your tea. Left me standing like a naughty schoolboy!". The threat of jail and the lack of support left me thinking that the only option I had was to somehow pay it, even though I hated the idea. I finally decided to make a false claim and to sign on for unemployment benefit knowing that I wasn't entitled to it, as I was working at the time. I thought they could either turn down my application or they could give it to me, and if at a later date found I was cheating, simply come down on me about it.

As I felt I was up shit creek anyway, what did I have to lose? Amazingly I got it, thus enabling me to pay off the Poll Tax without crippling myself, and making me feel not so bad about it, as if I was stealing from the system to pay the system. So everything was eventually solved, but not without learning some lessons: To urge people to go up against the law (any law) is no joke and is not to be treated lightly, as at the end of the day, it's individuals- not movements that face the jail sentences. Any political groups urging people action should follow through and continue supporting them if they do eventually get jailed, hence the importance of the Anarchist Black Cross and a few others. And finally, to realise the importance of 'political' activity (direct or indirect), and to learn to take responsibility for ourselves and to accept the consequences of our actions.

J. A. WHITE.



The mixed bag of stress and rebellion. Stress, stress. A beautiful thing for an ugly world. You feel stress, I feel stressed. But do you break your stress? Stress by the TV nightmare, flickering pictures on a bland TV nightmare. Overt and covert messages pumping out day and night. "I'm the slime that oozes from your TV". (Frank Zappa). Big brother's here, and he's a collection of fucking coloured dots (pixals) on a screen. I felt the stress waves pump over every muscle as the pictures changed in a fake 2D way. Skin crawling in stress, until it reached a climax; hands hammering on the screen until it fell over. Shit, the TV's dead, the remorse, the guilt, what have I done? Come back! My stress, had gone. My hour of entertainment had gone. So you think it was nothing, going into your room and push that box over. Can't, can you Mr Stressed? Admittedly it was an accident, but it felt good. JEREMY HERRON.



It had been a long day, the crowds were dying down and the kids with balloons were leaving the park with their parents. The pigs were gradually leaving which meant they were free to fight who the fuck they pleased. All day they had been watching me, slyly around corners and passing on messages in the form of facial expressions and body language. I was with a couple of friends from school...there was a gang of them, say 10 or so. Not all of them were exactly a challenge to defeat. Some of them must have been 7 or 8 years old at the time. "Some gang" I thought, as they stood staring with their arms folded. I was only wary of one of them...he was a tall, skinny, ginger haired lad who I knew was older than me. They were going to approach me sooner or later. The last of the pigs left, giving them the all clear to the other pigs in the van. This was it....and they came strolling over. They really did look fuckin' stupid too. Maybe they were

but either way I knew I'd probably end up getting my arse kicked. Our eyes met, I scanned them all, looking at the clothes they were wearing. The tall, skinny, ginger lad was next to this other lad. I'd say he was about my age though a bit smaller. I'd never seen any of them before.

He spoke first; "What the fuck have you been looking at, eh?". I replied; "Nothing...nothing at all". He said something else, then spat in my face. I wanted to nail the bastard so much. He spoke again, and then wiped some mud off the soles of his shoes onto my neck. One of the smaller kids knelt down behind me whilst he tried to push me over. Luckily, I managed to keep my balance because I knew if I had fallen, there would have been kicks, and god only knows what else to my head. Me not falling must have pissed them off a bit.

I was thinking though, why they'd chosen to pick on me, and not involve my friends? Not that I was bothered though, as I was used to it by now. My friends by now, had gone the same way as the crowds, the kids with the balloons, and the pigs, and whoever else had left this breeding ground. I knew that tall, skinny, ginger lad was gonna step in because he could see that the other kid was getting nowhere. He knew, I knew, and maybe the kid himself knew that if I did punch him, I would've floored him straightaway. He only felt hard because of this tall guys presence. If he hadn't been there, the kid wouldn't even have dared looked at me.

Yeah, the tall guy finally spoke, he said that I'd been offering them out all day, and that he was gonna kick the living shit out of me because I thought I was so hard...supposedly. Like, I remember saying all that stuff.

"So go on, try it" he said, and yeah, I was going to as well, and I was going to win. I turned around, about ready to knock the bastard off his feet...but that was a mistake, as I was being watched by a lot of people...casuals staring in all directions. If I had touched him, I would've been jumped on by a load of them. Should I have just floored him, and ran out as fast as I could? Maybe yes, but the fastest route out wasn't so good to me anyway. I knew either way I was fucked, so I just told him to fuckin' leave me alone because I was by myself. Strangely enough, he accepted this, and took, two or so steps back to let me pass so I could leave. I did as well...As I came to the exit I heard the kid who spat in my face, shout: "And don't fuckin' come back either". And yes, I haven't, and I won't either...not because I'm a wimp, but because I will be disgusted with myself for mixing with such losers again in my entire, fuckin' life.

I got home safe and sound, and straight away I went up into my room to think it all over with a clear head. I only managed to come to one conclusion....they are weak people. How they enjoyed themselves made me actually feel sorry for them at one point. I felt so happy that I wasn't like them....

So happy. MICHAEL J. VOORHEES.



I can STILL remember that look in your eyes when we both KNEW that, had I stayed any longer, then I would surely have killed you. I wanted to put my hands around your throat and watch you turn blue, then punch that smile off your smug face. I'm glad that I left when I did. You tried to kiss me, and I nearly burned you with a cigarette. I had to go back home and pretend to be well adjusted. "Hi everyone, I just nearly killed the person that I love because they were so fucking smug. What's on TV,

pass me a beer, c'mon, cheer up you guys".
TAIN H.



UNTITLED

The first time I got pissed was at my sisters wedding in 1981, when I was 5 years old. It was especially memorable, as it was one of the only few weddings that had had a punk alterboy called Matthew Baldwinson, at the service.

There was already tension in the air, my dad disapproving of my sisters choice of hubby, or the "wee paki" as he called him, and everyone was constantly reminded that "you never see a crow and a seagull in the same field". I was more concerned with pestering my cousins, who were staying at our house overnight, along with various aunts and uncles.

Things hotted up at the reception, held in a hall in Burnt Oak, and with a huge sound system booked in. I hung out with the punk kid and asked him if he liked ADAM & THE ANTS? He started going on about a 'sucker bube' (?) and tried to ignore me - a bad move - I ended up irritating him for the rest of the night. Some woman told me to stop mucking about and to be quiet during the speeches, which went on for 3 years. Eventually, the music erupted, and I went to harass the DJ to play 'Prince Charming', while everyone else was dancing to DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS. He played it, and everyone started calling for me to do the infamous Adam Ant dance, but I chickened out (just as well, someone would have only taken a photo of it).

As the evening grew darker and noisier, me and Matthew surveilled and began to stalk the wedding guests' vacant tables, and swigged their drinks. I can remember that the beer tasted warm, and the champagne and plonk much nicer, like lemonade with a live wire in it. Maybe Gary Numan was singing, or was it Gary Glitter? Well, whoever it was, when I started jumping around to it on the dancefloor, disco traffic lights flashing all over the place, I ended up staggering to the side of the hall, and 'telling my mum, I felt sick. She took me to the ladies' bogs, where I puked up all over the glistening, tiled floor. The sight of this volley of spew provoked further nausea, and a second deluge of vomit. My parents drove me back home, and when my dad fed the dog, my mum gave me some vile medicine which tasted like charred strawberry yoghurt. I insisted I was ok, so we soon returned to the frivolities, but alas! The booze still hadn't drained from my braincells. Matthew the punk was still there, slumped half asleep in a chair, surrendered to alcoholic exhaustion and the pounding drumbeats exploding from the speakers. My brother, also balloon drunk, had meanwhile made a slurred speech onstage, to my mum's horror and dismay, and tried to pick a fight with a mate of my brother in law. Apparently, though I can't remember it (others swear blind), I asked some girl for a dance, and when she declined with a laugh, I jumped up at her and pulled her bra down. Right On or what?!

Midnight came and went, and as the small hours set in, we all drove home for good.

We were giving Matthew a lift back in our car, but he fell asleep in the back, and we passed by his house unawares.

All I can then remember is my mum, forcing me to go to bed, although I was wide awake, and wanted to listen to the radio. All the other relatives were moping around the house, I was laying in bed, staring at the diagonal shafts of light spilling under the door, while my dad laughed heartily downstairs, and told my mum he loved her.

MERTIN.



UNTITLED

The world's a crazy place, everyone seems to be talking, but saying nothing of any substance. No wonder we all feel so isolated and alone, or maybe it's just me? Anyway, I enjoy my solitude, it's a break from the ever war which seldom relents....

Seeing as no one really communicates, I don't know what others are thinking, or maybe they aren't - it'd be no surprise! The things that worry the ordinary don't seem to bother me, the things that bother me ARE the ordinary. Those losers content with work, weekends of shopping and nightclubs, and 2 weeks on the Greek Island of Asbestos. I want more out of life, I'm not so easily content.

Probably the only thing that stresses me out is trying to do so much in so little time. I'm never bored, there's simply so much to do, books to read, records to listen to, places to visit, people to meet (even though, I don't like many, you've got to meet 'em), things to experience, and so much to learn. I hate the people with it all planned out with total order and safety, everything I try and sort out usually ends up another dream shot to bits, but that's the luck I've had, it could make a good man turn bad. I've always got to be doing something constructive with my time, I could never sit in front of the cathode ray tube, enduring Coronation St, or The Bill, and later talk about it as if it is reality! I see them sat in their little cells talking about their 'day at work' - it's vile.

All these losers with headaches, worrying themselves to death over work which doesn't matter at all. I don't even think about work when I'm there, I look busy, plan what I've going to do when the fivebells chime, and for the rest of the day down cups of the barely, bloody drinkable, look at women, and get paid for it! Unlike others, I am progressing, the others are left on the hard shoulder whilst I'm progressing down the fast lane. Probably the closest this lot have come to life in the fast lane is the 6 items or less queue in Safeways. However, like everyone, I have my therapy; alcohol, records (reggae tunes are most relaxing), and lowlife books. Also, the zine helps with violent, literary outbursts. Anthony created DUHHH - his little baby, I created PUNK SHOCKER - my little monster, a monster that's pissed up and pissed off, my poisoned ideas are bullets, and everything's a target. However, like other nihilistic nobodies - Sid Vicious, Darby Crash, etc, this little monster will soon end it all in the hope that something better will prevail... Everyday existence rolls on like a horror movie, the more I see of it, the worse it gets. Alcohol numbs the pain and helps the garbage fade away onto another horizon. Cans and bottles dam the rivers of nowhere, but hey!...each man beats his odds in a different way.

ANDY SHOCKER



DO THE RIGHT THING

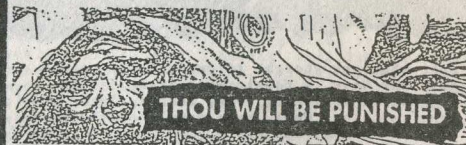
Hmm, what to put when pen hits paper? Ok, stress - the miracle, yuppie businessman-pig killer of the 90's (so far, the decade of serial killers, and eco damage, galore!), work to death, stressed out 'til death or possibly a nervous breakdown. But this, this stress malarky isn't exclusively limited to high

flying executives - it's something I'm sure we've all felt at some time in our lives, usually caused by forces or actions beyond our control, that more often than not, seek to inhibit or restrict our selves in one way or another, whether it's because of relationships, money (lack of, usually), work, where your next meal is coming from, trying to pay the rent or mortgage, etc, for your 4 walls, the (fucking) DSS giving the usual shit, basically anything that causes anguish or worry. So I'm pretty sure you know what I mean, and if you don't, please share your secret of happiness with me, care of PO Box Hp72, etc.

So we've identified the possible causes, next step, how to deal with it, the symptoms that stress causes, and how to sort the root of the problem, out.

As for the stress symptoms, a wide range can occur, depending on the individual - from headaches, lack of sleep, irritability to being withdrawn or anti-social, anger, depression, feeling helpless, and no doubt, a hundred more. The solution to give the most effective relief is a simple one, involving minimal effort, and gaining maximum satisfaction - make that molotov, buy that gun, and do da biz punk, do da biz....

THE PRISONER



THOU WILL BE PUNISHED

"...my victims never knew what was going to happen to them. I've had shootings, knifings, strangulations, beatings, and I've participated in actual crucifixions of the humans. All across the country there's people just like me who set out to destroy human life...."

'Den Of Inequity' - Integrity.

My initial 5 page epic tale of stress lies in the trash, destined to become another piece of shit for the scavengers to hunt over. Fuck my 5 minutes of fame, fuck my stress, and by fuck, fuck yours too. Do you really propose that the highlight of my day should be spent musing over someone else's misgivings, and fallings down? You all strangle my life in your own very special way, adding to the pipsqueak poop that's already cluttered amongst the existing menagerie of already living fuckery, hanging around on street corners, ready to pounce, to beat my skull to a pulp. I have to sit and listen to your words every waking moment, I now perhaps, should inform you of your own timely departure.

Some people were made to suffer, because that's equality in a burnt out (nut) shell, and because no one has the given right to demand any more.

Clear the decks now! Equate everyone now! Dispel the myths of upper and lower, rich and poor, weak and strong, female and male, lock your doors cunts, I'm coming through, and I do n't give two fucking hoots, if we had our way, no fucks would be left standing.

What do you want? What do you propose I do? Laugh it off, and get on with it? Meanwhile, I'll sit and ponder just like every other sad shit, who lives in shit, because it is shit, and always will be (shit). Don't give me your revolution talk sonny, it ain't coming, and it certainly ain't gonna be helping my cause.

What do you propose I do? Figure out the reason for existence in my goddamn lifetime? Figure out, all the reasons, why? My problems ain't mine, they're perpetrated, massaged, moulded, toyed, fucked, sucked, licked, fingered, and probed, they're sat on some fucker's desk, somewhere in the centre of Leeds, in a nice office, filled with nice

music to eradicate all the anger, hostility, and anxiety, they're behind every glass separated counter, they're beckoning me to come forward, then all my dreams are shot to shit because the fuckery heightens, and the clerk with all my papers says it's all gone wrong (again), and all I can do is put forward my case for appeal, and oh yes, pray that my ass doesn't go under.

Fuck stress in all it's entirety. No one gives a fuck for your stress, we've all got our own, and that ones that haven't, are the ones that mass produce it for everyone else.

(I had a 5 page epic tale to tell about the local City Council, it's systematic ways of dealing with it's 'undesirables', the way it handles business, and the way it fucks people up. Leeds City Council can go fuck itself!

The more I sit, think, write, and type, the more it winds me up. My situation is only a drop in the fucking ocean).

And as for rebellion - you can see that coming a mile off. The High St shops label it 'Youth Culture', and sell it back to you via consumer commodities. Pre-shrunk, off the peg, durable, and made to measure molotovs from John Menzies.

ANTHONY P.



UNTITLED

Here comes bus number 1, on the journey home. Luckily, it's not too full, in fact I have the top deck to myself nearly, only the odd couple of passengers, scattered around, so at least I get the chance to read my book in peace, and not have to listen to some sad bastard talking total bollocks, behind me, which I neither wish to hear, nor care about in the slightest, it's just a load of pointless small talk. As usual, the journey is slow, due to the build up of traffic, in and around the city centre. Too many fucking cars, they're everywhere. There are 2 things in life, that I have no desire whatsoever, to own; 1, is a house, and the other is a car (not that I could afford one anyway). I hate the things, why people are so obsessed with the desire to own one is beyond me, ban the fucking things, that's what I say. Cars are taking over, there seems to be more cars than people, and there's already too many damn people. So I just look out of the window, and watch all the little, sad bastards crawl along in their sad, fucking cars.

The bus, slowly but surely, crawls it's way through the traffic, and we finally enter the city centre, which is now, jam packed full of people. Time to put my book away, and to get ready to endure the next stage of my journey; getting through the city centre on foot. As soon as I step off the bus, (which is a task in itself, as there's always the fucking moron s that are trying to push their way onto the bus, while the rest of us are trying to get off. Look, don't you think it would be a good idea to let everyone get off first? It would be a lot easier, and a tad quicker in the long run. Oh sorry, I forgot, you're stupid!). As soon as I step off the bus, I'm sucked into the human river that is running in every direction, there's people everywhere! I can't walk in a straight line, as I'm forever having to dodge out of the way of someone. (YOU SHOULD WEAR A BARBED WIRE SUIT, LIKE I DO! - ED). In the end I just get sick of it all, and end up walking into people, well - if you can't beat them, join them! It's the only option left open to me, but the sheer volume of people is beginning to freak me out, where the fuck do they all come from? Surely birth control isn't such a bad idea? Birth control or not, I come

to the conclusion that the sheer amount of people in front of, and around me is starting to get on my fucking nerves. I can see the little, red, 'stress' light, flashing inside my head, and can feel the anger building up from the pit of my stomach. I'm now stuck behind a group of people walking at a snail's pace, and I can't get past them as they're taking up the whole pavement. I'm now reduced to their pathetic, slow pace, and it's no good, I need an escape route-anything, I've just gotta get away from all these fucking people! I'll go in a shop, any shop will do; a record shop, that'll do. I enter, only to find the place is packed with shoppers, I need to blend in, if only to calm down for a few minutes. I usually start to flick through some records, only to realise to my horror, that I'm stood in front of the Country & Western section, so feeling like a total arse, decide to exit the shop. Once back on the streets, I'm quickly sucked back into the human river, but luckily I'm walking at a faster pace this time, dodging from left to right, and overtaking people like a Formula 1 racer. Shit! I spot the Hare Krishna's looming up ahead, and one of them has made eye contact with me, having made the fatal mistake of looking up, instead of keeping my head down. 'Look guys, I don't mind the self awareness, and vegetarian trip, but save the sermon for some other fucker'. I quickly move on, remembering that the kitchen cupboards at home are emptier than Howard Hughes' address book, so now I've got to face the perils of the supermarket. I manage to wade through the mass of bodies, and gain entrance. Funny places, supermarkets, a lot of people seem to treat them like pubs, they must do, because every available aisle is blocked by groups of people, holding conversations (probably students). I barge past, cursing in the process, my patience is running out, I really wish I'd taken a trolley now, instead of a basket, at least that way, I can push people out of the way, but at least I'm doing a pretty good job with the basket, and that cheers me up a little. I manage to stock up on the goods that will feed me for the next few days, now finding myself in the 'Supermarket queue from Hell'; it's about as long as the queue outside an office that's giving away free fags and beer, and the couple in front of me, have enough food to feed the New Peoples Army. I'm in for a long wait, and oh, what a surprise, everyone's paying by fucking cheque, or one of them, crap, plastic. 'Pay nowt, suffer later when you get the bill at the end of the month', credit card things. At last, I finally reach the check out, only to be confronted by a check out woman with an expression like she's just kissed a rat's arse, (nice to see someone else is happy in their work). I quickly throw my goods into a couple of carrier bags, which will no doubt, fall apart before I get home. I can feel the people in the queue behind me, staring in to the back of my head, mentally telling me to hurry up, and get the fuck out, sharpish, which I do, as I wish to spend as little time as possible in this godforsaken place. I manage to get across the road with little difficulty, as the traffic is at a virtual standstill, (due to all the fucking cars). The buses are swarming with even more people, buses pull up, bursting with more people, and it's basically a free for all to see who can manage to squeeze onto one. I can't face the humiliation of stumbling down the aisle of a packed bus, with a couple of packed carrier bags, only to find there aren't any vacant seats, so I let the buses crawl on by. Eventually, one pulls up that looks promising, only half full, looks good. I push my way on, and find an empty seat. I'm in the process of getting myself, semi comfortable, when WHAM! I'm now sat on about 3 inches of seating, and my whole body is squashed against the window, my new, travelling companion must feel like stretching out a little.

I make a mental bet with myself, that the person seated next to me is a student, and I win the bet. He starts to tell all his buddies (who, by the volume of his voice, appear to be everyone on the top deck) in great detail, about how many pints he drank last night at the Uni' bar, and how he couldn't believe how rat arsed he was. 'do us all a favour- fuck off!'. I put up with this dribble all the way home. The red light is still flashing when I'm putting the key in the door, so I mellow out with Uncle Bob, and my final thoughts on the subject is; one day, I'll be stood in a fucking huge bus queue, when someone will unzip a bag, pull out a small, automatic weapon of some description, and will start shooting into the crowd, and hopefully if this does happen, I'll be stood behind them, handing over full magazines to reload with. Save the world - Kill yourself.

MR C.



Just when you thought it was safe to go and join the Navy, a couple more items landed, begging to make the 'very fucking late, reviews' section. Well, some people do the darndest of things, and one of 'em is Mr C, with BUNKER #2 (50p & SAE/\$2ppd: PO BOX HP72, LEEDS S, LS6 1XT, UK), which is a right slap in the face, and a slap up from the debut, with time ly tirades on Satanic Ritual Abuse, GI's go nuts in 'Nam, The Popular Music Conspiracy, Kidnapping, Red Light action in Groningen, everyday people are wierd, some reviews, some graphics, some nonsense, some interviews with nutters, and some more 'n' all. Tidely pasted up, and printed in style for all you woad y bastards who whinge cuz it costs a bit more. There ain't diddly squat about rosey ol' jazz bands, tho' you might strike it lucky if you're into rosey ol' jazz mags. When was the last time you heard a band, and thought; 'Blimey, they've changed a bit!'. Cuz you can say that about MANFAT now with their new cassette: 'LIVE LIKE A DOG' (£1.50/\$4 ppd: PO BOX HP72, LEEDS, LS6 1XT, UK). Out goes the drum machine, out goes the cello, and in comes 5 tracks (6 if you include the remixed version of 'Traffic'. I got as a bonus) to blacken, bozo's eyes with. Now sporting a proper drummer, lotta hefty blasts with a smattering of trippy ol' melody, and boy o' boy, the first track is a blinding monster, oh yes indeed. Kinda heavy, and dark, full of agony, and kinda twisted, but they say that about everyone these days, including my ol' man. MANFAT come to smash and hammer, it's a real ANGST, boys n' girls. Comes with lyrics and a nice fuckin' production too. Ok, so excuse me while I take my foot outa my mouth, and then can we have a drum roll please, Maestro! As yes, (yes indeed!), 2 years later ('2 years too late for what?' - name that tune!), the DYSTOPIA/EMITTERED split 12"/LP is finally fuckin' out! Don't ask the reasons why (ask them when you write to order a copy: MISANTHROPIC RECORDS, 20792 COLIMA, HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA 92647, USA - \$10ppd should cover it). It's got 10 tracks, is about 35 minutes in length, comes with a lyric/art booklet, on punk rock, black wax, with a polythene bag to boot! I'm not in the band anymore, but it's cool to see it finally happened. (Although we have copies, they'll have no doubt gone pretty soon, so write to the label if ya want a copy, and ask about the right, smart DYSTOPIA shirts, too. Cheers and a big, fat token to Matt and Todd).

Due to a shortage of space, the planned slew of Letters I reviewed for publication will now, not happen, except this gem that came in the post, one fine day in June.

letters

Hazel Grove
Stockport
Cheshire

Dear Anthony P,

I like a man who fights back. Now, what would I have done if you hadn't sent the zine? Given you a black eye and spat in your face, maybe?, because girls "can't" hit boys?, threatened to Bobbitt you with a blunt instrument? Something similar anyway.

The fact is, your letter made me laugh. So I sent 50p to you through the post and it didn't get the re? Well, fuck you!, because we all make mistakes. Be honest, you'd have torn a strip off me if it had been the other way round, right? So fuck me silly with a barb wire willy, you one dimensional clit licking son of a bitch. You see, it doesn't matter what you think, and it doesn't matter what I think either.

Do I run a scam? I'll tell you something here mate, you try running a fanzine on your pocket money when your losing loads just getting it printed, you try liking what I soddin' well like when everyone else likes Take That, you try being a teenager of the 90's, it's fuckin' hard mate!, you do n't know what you've got you sad fucker! I bet you never got hassled or beaten up by E heads and threatened with a knife or shotgun on your way home from your shithole of a school. You have no friggin' idea what it's like so why don't you just t fuck off and leave me alone you sad cunt?

Don't bother replying, else I'll rip it up without reading it and send you the pieces through the post.

Yours,
Cazz Blase

(ME & CAZZ RECENTLY GOT ENGAGED, AND NOW PLAN TO MARRY IN THE SPRING. SOMETIMES, THE WORLD IS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL PLACE - Mr. Duhhh. (I left in all the grammatical errors too, because that's just how much I love her).



palmer karma with anthony p.

A bomb went off somewhere, some people were injured, some people were killed, and someone, somewhere is having to deal with the aftershock of another burned body at a funeral. Switch off the radio, brush teeth to the nauseating sound of a dog chained, whining and barking outside. Brush teeth in a regimental fashion to clean away all the decaying shit that's rotting inside my mouth. Spit out shit, and flush down sink. Ther

e's a thick sludge of last night's meal winking up at me from the hole. There's some blood, but that's a natural reaction to the grinding manner in which the world teases me. 10.05am, I'm not late (yet). Boots are polished, my body sweat from the shower, a luxurious clean set of clothing, I'm out to impress everyday you know, believing that an immaculate set of threads will succumb some fool into the sweatpit. 10.07am, centre stage at a 4-way crossing; a busy intersection. The green man waves a hand and says "Come on over", I'm halfway across when some greas eball in a slick, red, saloon decides he ain't wasting time and nudges his phallus over the stop and start line, narrowly missing the right leg that belongs to my body. I spray liquid phlegm onto his bonnet, and holler a "Nice day to you good sir", he's late for the importance of his impotence no doubt. "Fuck you, good sir" i remark, then I'm over the 2, fast moving lanes of speeding coconos, and break into a steady step. 10.20am, the office is full with a menagerie of outpatients from the local Day Centre. We gather round to be given the days orders. The boss, female, and middle-aged, mothers me, as only mothers know how to, I feel like a natural born killer amidst the wandering cacophonies. I've got my list, my towels, my partner, and my orders. 10.34am, chit-chat aside, the plan is designated, saddle up them, thar hosses! It's time to boogie, and I cannot wait for the appointment at the Kitchen, unto which I am to pick up today's meals, to then deliver to those who are less fortunate than anyone reading this exact spiel, you self pitying forgetfuls.

There's Mr Smith, he's got no legs, and boy does that look wierd. No standing up for a piss, there. He doesn't like fruit, he told me that, but never moans, likes his food, and gets about just fine. There's Mr Jones, lives in a terraced house over looking a Chernobyl wannabe, wasteland. His house is shit, and smells like a whore's corpse. You ever seen 5 years of shit ingrained on a formica work surface? It ain't a pretty sight.

There's Mrs Davids, a shrunken body of what, once, was. Like a dehydrated prune, sunken features and bodily un-functions. A beaten, barren, and haggard soul that cried in my arms cuz of the pain, and who has to shit in the kitchen cuz her legs won't make it up the stairs.

Then we have Mr Robinson, who lives on a small, country, cul-de-sac, just on the outskirts, lives on daytime television, in a spotless abode. He's taking the piss with his Times, Horse & Hound, fitted kitchen, potted yucca's, and Mercedes. But Mr Mullen, he forgot what day it was a long time ago, and just collects bus tickets now; there's a massive pile of them in the hallway. He lives alone, and isn't all there, cuz he's handicapped, slurs his speech, and twitches. Always one for a joke is Mr Mullen, like the time he said he couldn't pay for his meal, because he was waiting for his sister to turn up with his birthday money. Ya should've won the Lotto with that one Mr Mullen nice one!

Miss Bates, stroke victim, sat upright, cannot move, no speech, no movement, very sad - feed the corpse. There's a glimmer of something in the eyes but it's difficult to translate.

"Bye love, see you next week then.....".

A burnt out Rover, automobile sits awaiting it's final destination, on the grassy verge of an East Leeds Housing Estate. Speed ramps everywhere to combat the joyriders. A car flies past, in hot pursuit, burning extreme amounts of rubber, so 3 constabulary vehicles with sirens ablazing. I watch as neither take the correct turning to follow the ir prey.

We're 2 Rice Puddings short I inform my partner,

LIKE A NATURAL BORN KILLER AMIDST THE WANDERING CACOPHONIES

it's getting personal with the kitchen staff, who don't dig my attitude. S'funny, but they swear it wasn't their mistake, yet we are the ones on the front line who have to combat the anxiety that the person who lives for this day of dairy delight, will now have to make do with a sultana sponge. The kitchen staff have horns, and are loan from Satan, they piss, and reek of shit, yet maintain some form of hygiene standard; they're lying bastards!

My day of work worship is now over. I've sat'n'sipp'd the thick, tar like quality of black coffee, and stared at the boss who mother's me, listened to my co-working comrades, recollect old holiday stories. My day of work is over.....my time is now.

An infestation greater than the Babylonian get together, the hordes of indestructables litter the avenues of each and every one I walk. I think up ways of passing new laws to make humanity illegal, then stop to take shelter in a doorway to roll up a tok'er, whilst watching the fast forward antics of the populate swarm in all directions, as if there's no tomorrow. A nicotine rush, combined with the caffeine I consumed earlier, induces a swift, dizzy moment. A group of girls approach then disappear from view as our entities merge, then pass. The sweet smell of sublime sexuality laced up with sexy success taunts my nostrils.

Shopping time. Fuck food, just pop a pill and fit my colostomy bag. Things in life can be made so much easier, yet there's always some buffoon who has to complicate matters.

4.50pm, I'm standing and a queuing, temporarily sanitized from the neck up, and spinning cautiously around every 15 seconds or so to sneak a glimpse at the girl of my dreams (for today). Is it the PVC bondage trousers perhaps? Maybe the slender, and milk like quality of virgin, white skin? Eventually I'm no longer impressed, for it is but an idealistic notion to hold, and one that will forever haunt.

A sanctuary reclaimed, my nest of inequity, the very same place that spat out my persona some millennium afore, and one that I do retreat to every night. Another tok'er, another bomb going off somewhere, another chorus from the torturing fanatics, and just one more eloquent disguise to feign. Drink to forget. Waste the time, and listen. Sit and wonder, then stagger for the bowl into which I can release the liquid that stinks. Sometimes burnt out.



So now, on the eve of our supposed 2 Thousandth year, the twilight gathers slyly over the shrouds of more bellowing despair to come. Darkened times, gaslights flicker dim, only to be replaced by the indisposible, and former usable sustenance of plastic that is shrink wrapped in a sterile cocoon of delight and obsession. We have no need for worry anymore, for the machine now assembles the anxieties, and covers the shit with a liberal sprinkling of sugar; makes the bittersweet aftertaste a more palatable experience.

When now, with the machine lurching into higher gear, manufacturing the pills to keep the sick awake, when all they wish for is for the saviour to come and take them away. Who needs life to continue forever, when we already have the technology to eradicate all that we no longer require. The corporations that kill, are also the ones that save- they own both directions.

A possessive nature grasps the selfish, insecure clans who have no compassion or after thought as they continue to inflict the punishment with their binding and pathological claims to fame, by procreating the seed into another nought year old manifestation of ugly sin. Another parasite that the rock cannot support, as it is dry of any worth, of nothing but emptiness.

Like you really need another sad extension in human form to bruise with your own pathetic existence. Nail your body skyward, fuck your immortality. The reversal of life has begun.

HOMAGE TO HOMEBREW

DISTRIBUTORS

The following all distribute DUHHH, but is only a small proportion of the many mailorder distributors out there.

BORED: P.F. 752, Winterthur 8402, Switzerland
TILT: Tennisbaanstraat 85, 9000 Gent, Belgium
HEDD THE BAAL: 4 Rosewood Crescent, Seaton Sluice, Whitby Bay, Tyne & Wear, NE26 4BL, UK
A.M.O.F.: PO Box 2576, Colchester, Essex, CO3 4AT, UK
FLAT EARTH: PO BOX 169, Bradford, BD7 1YS, UK
RED WARNING: 28 Mount Pleasant Road, Wallasey Merseyside, L45 5EW, UK
ACTIVE: BM Active, London, WC1N 3XX, UK
GNOME: PO Box 69, 3140 Keerbergen, Belgium
TOXIC: PO Box 87, Ipswich, IP4 4JQ, UK
ANGRY CITIZEN: 28 Seventh Avenue, Palm Beach, QLD 4221, Australia
A JOUR: Spitzwegstr 3, 41564, Kaarst Buttgen, Germany
BURIED ALIVE: 6 High Grange Road, Spennymoor Co Durham, DL16, UK
MOONRIP: PO Box 87, Farnham, Surrey, GU9, UK
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PAPERMILL ZINE MACHINE: Astridlaan 341, 8310 Brugge, Belgium
BORED TEENAGERS: CP 15319, 00142, Roma Laurenino, Italy

Cheers is also extended to the cool individuals, such as Tommy, Ben, John W, and Yiannis (both of 'em!), for taking on a few copies.

Cool, DIY, and trustworthy distributors in places like Japan, South America, Eastern Europe and beyond, more North American, etc, would be swell, write if you can help out?!

The following distributors: DISUSED (UK), and SUBVERSION (UK), no longer distribute DUHHH as I believe them to be unsuspicious fucks who have (at time of writing) ripped me off (the former), and been very flakey (the latter), and until I'm told, or made aware otherwise, will remain on the list of shame.

For a more extensive list of distributors, send an SAE/IRC to Andy C. PO Box HK31, LEEDS LS11 9XN, UK, for a copy of "Directory Of Distributors". Alternately, get a copy of the latest "Book Your Own Fuckin' Life" from ACTIVE at f2 a pop.

Also, if you live in the UK, send your name, address, and a bunch of loose, and un-used stamps to: ARMED WITH ANGER MAILOUT, PO Box 487, Bradford, BD7 4UZ. and every 3 months you will receive, a fat packed, A5 fun filled envelope containing vads of stuff (ie: flyers distributors catalogues, the HOW WE ROCK news letter, etc), which will keep you up to date with what's going on in the UK punk scene. UK RESIDENTS ONLY!!

It should be noted, and adhered to, that when writing to any of the previous, whether asking for their latest catalogue, or enquiring about getting your shit sold, send either an SAE or an IRC, or else you'll be liable for the "no reply" award. Got that! Good.

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Someone come into yard, kill dog,
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